

# Catholic Digest

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No. 9

THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

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**I**F THOU showest a child a queen adorned with her crown, he would not prefer her to his mother clad in worn-out garments, and he would rather see his mother than a queen in her gorgeous raiment. For he is accustomed to estimate things according to love, not according to their poverty or their riches. He is not distressed by the same things as would be hardships for us, such as financial losses; he is not delighted, as we are, with transitory things. Therefore the Lord said: Of such is the kingdom of heaven; that we may do by force of will what children do by nature.

St. John Chrysostom in *Matins of the Feast of St. Jerome Emiliani*.

## THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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# Catholic Digest

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VOL. 12

JULY, 1948

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*Expedient, humanitarian, apostolic*

## U. S. Foreign Policy: The Facts of Life

Condensed from *Kiplinger Magazine*\*

THE U. S. has just finished a war in which too many people supposed they were defending Mom's apple pie, or the right to buy ice-cream sodas with cherries on top. With the Marshall plan, the U. S. is entering a new "war," not a shooting war, but an economic war.

Experts say economic war can hurt almost as much as the shooting kind. Every American will be paying dearly in cash for many years to come because of the foreign policy that is now being formulated. That the U. S. may find itself protecting a cause many of its citizens do not understand against an evil they cannot define is a practical danger, even after a fall and winter of debate over the Marshall plan. The American people still do not

realize that they are the reluctant heirs to Britain's power in the world, and have no choice in the matter.

After 172 years of U. S. history, during most of which we have tried to stand aloof from the world, we are now in the stream of turbulence up to our necks. The U. S. will have for years a high level of taxes for overseas relief and reconstruction, and a high volume of exports which will mean employment and profits. This will result in imports, a steady inflow of the many strategic raw materials, tin, industrial diamonds, jute, copra, natural rubber, to name a few of the approximately 30 scarce items. The U. S. has a finger in the military pie in Greece and Turkey, and probably will have in Palestine and elsewhere in



\*1729 G St., N. W., Washington, 6, D. C. April, 1948.

the world where trouble erupts. It is building air and fleet bases, or refurbishing old ones in unexpected places like Africa. The Mediterranean squadron may be a permanent addition to the U. S. navy.

This is an opportune moment for looking at the facts of life as faced now by the U. S. Britain was forced to hand the U. S. the military responsibility in Greece and Turkey, because she could no longer afford the cost of keeping Russia out of the Mediterranean. The U. S. took over, under the so-called "Truman Doctrine" of containment. When Palestine erupted and the British could no longer hold it under thumb, the U. S. used its influence in the United Nations to favor partition of Palestine between Jews and Arabs. The British have set August 1 as the last date for their troops to remain in Palestine. The U. S. must decide whether we will move in, as a U. N. police force, or invite Russian expansion toward the Mediterranean and Middle East oil. In India, and elsewhere around the world, the white man is being relieved of his "burden," with as yet unknown consequences. Suppose, for example, that these former colonial peoples decide to keep their own raw materials and to send out only the finished products.

As the 20th century nears its mid mark, it is U. S. ships rather than the British navy that will make "state" visits and maneuver on troubled waters. The baton of world leadership in fact and in symbol has passed to the U. S. That is the fact of life No. 1.

The second fact is that the U. S. is now the chief champion and promulgator of a way of life. The world is not really divided by iron curtains or by such things as rivers and mountains and seas. The line exists only in the minds of men. It divides between cultures or civilizations, which is to say the whole basis by which men work, love and pray.

The men of the West, including the Americas, Western Europe and other nations of European origin, have an individualistic way of life that stems from the Hebraic belief in the oneness and omnipotence of God, from the Christian idea of God's love and compassion. Western civilization has also developed from the Greek search for truth and beauty, the Roman genius for law. And most certainly it has developed from the great Anglo-American contributions to man's religious and political freedom, and—to a greater degree than ever before in history—man's economic freedom. All this is the American meaning of the word *democracy*. The central purpose of democracy is to provide the utmost freedom for man to be governed by his individual conscience or reason, which Jefferson pointed out as the avenue through which God chose to direct man. Such is the U. S. cause; such is the second fact of life.

The third fact concerns enemies of democracy. The enemy is obviously anybody, or any nation, or any other civilization which wars on individual freedom. Sometimes the opposition to freedom comes from within the West



itself, as with the Germans, who have twice in this generation betrayed the civilization that their own poets and religious leaders once so gallantly forwarded. Sometimes the opposition comes both from within and from without, as with the economic system called communism, which began with two Germans, Marx and Engels. It now has converts all over the world, but is mostly exerted from Russia.

Russia, however, is not only the largest captive state of the communists. It also represents a culture that stems more from Eastern influences than Western. State dominance over the individual is taken for granted. It is also taken for granted by the communists that they will enjoy no safety in the world until they are politically and militarily dominant. They will use Russia to expand geographically, in historic Russian patterns; they will use communists everywhere to bore from within and thus to weaken resistance to the push of their beliefs. The Russians are the most active enemy, but they do not stand alone as enemies of Western civilization. The urgent point to remember is that only one-third of the world has had the Western evolution of experience; therefore, two-thirds of the world does not comprehend the U. S. or miscomprehends it. The U. S. has no unassailable majority. That is fact of life number three for Americans: the U. S. has many enemies whose attitudes range from ignorance through mild irritation to purposeful hate.

U. S. policy, then, is one part expe-

dent reaction to Russia, one part humanitarian relief, and one part desire to spread its way of life, thus absorbing and converting its enemies. The Marshall plan is the mixture of the three parts, concocted especially for Europe, to make sure the 16 recipient nations, including Britain, France and the Northwest European countries and Italy, have enough to eat, not only for reasons of charity but also because hungry people threaten to turn to the economic promises of communism.

Because the U. S. recognizes that the best charity is that which lifts the recipient above the need for charity, it includes rehabilitation of industry and the reopening of the flow of raw materials as parts of the Marshall plan. Rehabilitation should have also the salutary effect of making Europe a strong third party in what is now a two-party world, bringing back the balance-of-power concept.

Europe back on its feet, producing, is also a good offensive weapon for the cause of Western civilization. That's where economics and the business of trading enter in. The countries that are now Russian satellites have long been the breadbasket for Western Europe. France, Britain and the others made the textiles, shoes, machines and finished goods that the Eastern countries paid for with food. It is the idea of the Marshall plan that if Western Europe can again produce an exportable surplus of manufactures, economic penetration can be made behind the iron curtain. In that way, the captive countries may in time be won

away from the Russians, who have little to trade with their satellites. It may not work that way; that's the gamble.

Thus the Marshall plan is the most promising weapon in our new foreign policy as leader of the West. The Marshall plan is expected to cost upwards of \$5 billion for the first year. But it is not the only weapon. The U. S. military establishment is budgeted at almost \$11 billions. Plainly, the U. S. is going to have some troops and ships

and planes around. Moreover, the Marshall plan is focused only at Europe. It must be supplemented with an equally imaginative Asiatic policy, which is yet to be shaped, and by an effective Latin-American policy.

Americans are no longer merely interested spectators in the world. They are now chief actors in the drama. And the American people will be called upon more and more to understand and be effective in their new role of No. 1 world power.



### *This Struck Me*

*SHE, Carmel Fernandez (in Caryl Chessman's book\*) was a harlot and sinner. Beautiful and proud, she kept aloof and apart, rejecting all sympathy. Father O'Grady had baptized her and given her First Communion. He tried to defend, not the sin of this wild bird lost in a storm, but the sinner. But the community to which she had brought shame made the most of it. Father O'Grady had little success. He could not dam the venom that issued from wagging tongues. Therefore:*

To sweeten the bitter gossip he wove it through with prayer. "Have you heard about Carmel? Carmel Fernandez?" *Have mercy on her, O Lord, according to your great mercy. "She is a harlot and sinner. She has broken her father's heart." If Thou, O Lord, wilt observe iniquities, Lord who shall endure it? Who shall endure it?*

"She has pearls round her neck. Pearls are for tears." *The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant seeking good pearls. "She's lost to perdition, that's what she is." Who, when he had found one pearl of great price "She is a worthless hussy, that's what she is." went his way and sold all that he had and bought it. "Pearls are for tears; she has pearls round her neck. She is painting the town red, so people say." Tears of Christ wash her, tears of Christ, wept over Lazarus, lave her in the water of everlasting life; tears of Christ, shed for Jerusalem, restore her to grace, wash her in your tears, and she shall be white, whiter than snow, though her sins are as red as scarlet, she shall be white, whiter than snow.*

\**The Dry Wood*. 1947. New York: Sheed & Ward. \$3.

For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.

The class applauded

## Rosalinda and San Felipe



A LETTER from a classmate of parochial-school days brought me to Cerro Azul in Southwestern Texas. Terry McNeil was now the zealous pastor of some 500 families. I am a seminary professor who agreed to take over his parish work during his vacation.

Sunday after the second Mass I held my first advanced catechism class. There were 12 boys and 15 girls, from eight to 14 years old, preparing for their solemn Communion. After a few of the cut-and-dried questions, I asked, "What are the names of some of the saints?" Clearly unfair! That was a question not in today's lesson. A hurt feeling told me so. But I insisted. "Saint Peter," hazarded one, "Saint Theresa," ventured another. "Why are they in heaven?" "Because God is so good," said José Gómez. (How right you are, José, I thought; but I really expected you to say, because *they* were so good.)

"Now, I wonder if anyone can tell me whether we Americans have any saints of our own?" Up went a forest of hands. "Mother Cabrini," said several in their anxiety to answer my question. "How did you know?" "Fa-

ther told us," chorused the group. "He preached a whole sermon about her," volunteered Tony Meyers. I asked a few questions to see how well they remembered her life.

"But who was the first saint of North America?" "She is," said María Gómez, meaning Mother Cabrini. A shake of my head encouraged Jack Siljin to put up his hand and answer, "The Jesuit martyrs." I listened to a brief but quite accurate account of the martyrdom of two of them, Jogues and Brébeuf. "How did you know about them, Jack?" "He read a pamphlet about them," put in his older brother, Fred.

"But, isn't there any saint born in North America?" I insisted. "Who is the first North American saint?" No hands went up. The class had evidently displayed all its vast erudition, thought I, when 10-year-old Rosalinda Menéndez, quite uncertain of herself, started to raise her hand. "Yes, Rosalinda, who do you think is our first saint?" "Saint Philip—San Felipe de las Casas." "What Saint Philip is that?" "Saint Philip of Mexico—of Mexico City."

The class was evidently proud of

Rosalinda, who came through when it seemed certain that I was going to stump them. All listened intently, reverently. "Tell us all that you know about San Felipe." I shall give you Rosalinda's account as exactly as I can recall it. What I have to add is very little and in parentheses.

San Felipe was born in Mexico City (in 1572). He went to the Jesuit school there. His father (Don Alonso de las Casas) and mother (Doña Antonia) were poor. They had ten children. No wonder Felipe had to work while going to school. He helped out two hours every evening in the silversmith's shop, for which he received 5 cents a day. On holidays and during vacation he worked the whole day, for which he was paid 25 cents. He found this work so hard that he decided to run away from home.

(In 1587, when he was 15 years old) he made his way to one of the harbors (Acapulco on the Pacific coast). Here a ship captain told Philip that he could sail to Manila free if he worked on board. Wonderful, thought Philip, I shall sail far away and see marvelous places and make millions of dollars.

Three long years had passed since he left home. He had not written once. Mother and father, sisters and brothers, all prayed for him every evening. Then one day (in 1590) a letter was brought to the Las Casas family by a merchant from Manila. That evening the family listened eagerly as the father read, "I love all of you as never

before. I did wrong in running away from home and worse in not writing you sooner. I became a soldier in the king's army. I never failed to pray as I did at home. One day in prayer, I realized that God wanted me to be a priest. I am now in the Franciscan novitiate in Manila. Pray that I persevere and become a holy priest. I hope to see all of you again before too long. Please forgive me. Your Felipe. P. S. I almost forgot to tell you that my name in Religion is Felipe de Jesús. May I become less unworthy of it."

Each year the Spanish galleon brought a letter from Philip. One day (1596), word came that he was to be ordained a priest in Manila the following year. Mother and father were happy, but sad, too, for Manila was far away in the Philippines and they would not be able to be present at the ordination of their boy. Doña Antonia went to see Father Prior at the Franciscan monastery in Mexico City. She told him of the good news and of her disappointment. "We shall do what we can, Doña Antonia," assured the prior.

A whole year went by before Don Alonso and Doña Antonia were called to the monastery of the Franciscans. "May our Lord ever be praised, my dear friends! I have wonderful news for you. Felipe will be ordained here in Mexico City in our beautiful cathedral in less than a year." Tears of joy came to the eyes of Don Alonso and his wife. Their son would be home soon, a priest; he would give them his first blessing. Truly, God is good.

At that very moment a Spanish galleon, the *San Felipe* (prophetic name!), was carrying Philip to Mexico. As they were sailing close to Japan, a fierce storm arose and forced them to seek shelter in one of the harbors (Urando). The Mexicans did not know that the governor of the region was persecuting the Christians. (This persecutor was the notorious Taicosama.)

Felipe intended to stay with the Franciscans (in Meaco), until the ship should be repaired, and he would be able to continue the voyage to Mexico. When all the Franciscans were arrested, Felipe could have gotten off but he preferred to die for our Lord.

(On February 5, 1597) Felipe with 25 others was crucified on the hill overlooking Nagasaki. (Up went Jack Sillin's hand, "Isn't that where one of the atom bombs fell?" I nodded, "Yes," and Rosalinda continued.) While he was on the cross, some of the soldiers ran three spears through his body. He was the first of all the martyrs there to die and so he was the first martyr of Japan, the first martyr of Mexico to be beatified, and he is the first saint of North America, and the first Blessed of the New World.

"That's fine, Rosalinda." Then the whole class applauded approvingly.

(Philip along with the other 25 martyrs of Nagasaki—five Franciscans, three Jesuits and 17 laymen—was beatified by Pope Urban VIII on September 14, 1627, and canonized by Pius IX on June 8, 1862. On February 5, 1629, Mexico City celebrated with unparalleled rejoicing the beatification of her illustrious son. On that occasion, the city officially chose the new Blessed as patron. At the public veneration of Blessed Philip was Doña Antonia, his mother, and Father Gutierrez, S.J., his teacher of grammar-school days. In the very heart of Mexico City is the splendid church of San Felipe de Jesús, inspired by one of Mexico's most illustrious bishops, Plancarte y Navarrete. Yes, and, of course, he is the Mexican silversmith's special patron. In 1826, the Mexican Congress declared the feast of Blessed Philip a national holiday.)

I was amazed at Rosalinda's accurate account of San Felipe. "Where did you learn about the saint?" I asked. "Mother reads to us every evening. We have just finished reading his life for the second time."



### The True Cross

THE accusation that if all the relics of the true Cross were collected together there would be enough to build a couple of houses sounds kind of smart in a crude sort of way. Actually, however, lists of all recorded relics show a total volume of less than one-sixteenth of the estimated bulk of the true Cross.

Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C., in the *Ave Maria* (28 Feb. '48).



Where it exists

# The Big Black Automobile

By PAUL BUSSARD

**L**AST SEPTEMBER I happened to be in Spain. While in Madrid I submitted some questions to Generalissimo Franco. He answered them and I later published the interview. The questions asked, in effect, "How do the four freedoms grow in sunny Spain?" Franco answered by saying that they were growing fairly well and that he was in favor of such growth.

On my return to St. Paul I had a telephone call from a 22-year-old writer from Minneapolis. He wanted to scold me for having said that the sun was shining in Spain; that the four freedoms were in fairly vigorous condition. He also had been in Spain several weeks and, therefore, like me, knew everything about everything there. In the course of the scolding, I happened to mention the Bishop of Madrid. He said, "Well, did he give you a ride in the big, black Daimler which Adolf Hitler gave him?" I said, "No," and added that I didn't know that Adolf Hitler had given the Bishop of Madrid a big, black Daimler.

Some time later I happened to be reading Emmet John Hughes' book,

*Report From Spain*, published by Henry Holt & Co. in 1947. He was an attaché for four years at the American embassy in Madrid. He is now bureau chief of *Time* in Berlin. In reading the book, I came across this statement: "No instance is known, however, of the bishop himself attempting such a visit—certainly not in the sleek, black Daimler which he received as a personal gift from Adolf Hitler" (p. 79).

For a moment I thought that such a big, black car existed. But then upon reflection it occurred to me that maybe it existed only as part of the party line. So I wrote to a friend in Madrid and told him the story of the big, black car and asked him if he would do some investigating for me.

Accordingly, my good friend, Cipriano Torre Enciso, who is an attorney and who lives at 65 Ayala in Madrid, went to see the man who drives the Bishop of Madrid when he goes out in an automobile. The chauffeur's name is Jesús Sánchez González. He said that he was chosen by the Bishop because he is an efficient driver and he has a satisfactory record. He said that at the present time His Excellency, the Bishop, goes about in a Hudson and that the license plate reads PMMo434. The PMM stands for *Parque Móvil de los Ministerios*. It seems that the Bishop owns no car of his own but is allowed by the government to use a car from the automobile pool. The one he uses now is a Hudson; it has six cylinders, and seats five persons. The driver says that although His Excellency likes to go rapidly

the driver manages to obey the speed laws while he is in the city, but that oftentimes on the highways he gets the Hudson up to 60 miles an hour. Señor González has not always been the Bishop's chauffeur. During the time of Adolf Hitler the chauffeur's name was Juan Prieto Pereira, a friend of Señor González. He told Señor González that all the time he was the Bishop's driver, he had never driven him in a Daimler and that, even if he had, the car would not have been owned by the Bishop but by the Mobile Park of the Ministries.

Then my friend went to see Monsignor Zacharias de Vizcarra, counselor general to the Spanish Catholic Action. The idea of this interview was to find out why the Bishop should have a car at his disposal which belongs to the government. Monsignor de Vizcarra said that the Spanish government provides many civil officers with motor cars. The Bishop of Madrid is a member of the Royal Academy of the Spanish Language and he is also a member of the Royal Academy of Moral and Political Sciences and he is also chairman of the Institute of Spain under which all the Royal Spanish societies are grouped. Therefore the Spanish government grants him the use of an automobile just as it

does to its other civil authorities.

So it seems the big, black Daimler turns out to be a big, black wolf. It is obviously to the advantage of the communists, who use the lie as a political weapon, to accuse the Bishop of engaging in conspicuous consumption. Once they get it known that he engages in conspicuous consumption in a big, black automobile given to him by Adolf Hitler, that completely discounts every good he has ever done in his lifetime, or at least up to his silver jubilee, which he celebrates this year.

I am not surprised that my little friend in Minneapolis believed the slander, but I am surprised that a person like Emmet John Hughes would fall for it.

Finally, to keep the record clear and to forestall other misrepresentations, let it be known that I drive a blue Chrysler convertible 1941 coupe, which has six cylinders and lovely red leather seats. I bought it second hand for \$1,800. I paid for it with my own money. I bought it from Mr. Charles Anderson who runs the Holt Motor Company in St. Paul. On sunny days, when I put the top down and drive about the streets of St. Paul, I hope that all the jealous communist brethren envy my conspicuous consumption.



SPAIN discovered America 456 years ago. Less spectacular, but greatly beneficial to the American people, would it be for America now to discover Spain.

National Economic Council *Letter* (15 Aug. '47).

*A good shark is a dead one*

# SEAGOING TIGER

By  
E. R. YARHAM



“**S**HARK, HO!” This cry on board ship jerks every sailor within earshot into instant activity, for every mariner has a strong hatred for this tiger of the ocean and a primitive lust to catch and kill him.

In times past, except when man set out deliberately to hunt them down, the usual attitude towards sharks was the farther away the better. But now sharks are coming to the rescue of a world in want. The war has created great shortages of fats and oils. Sharks are helping to make up for this loss. During the past few years they have come to be one of the world's chief sources of oils and fats. So, instead of being chased by them, man is doing the chasing, and now there are thriving shark-catching industries in South Africa, the U. S., South America, and Australia; in fact, on the shores of almost every tropical sea.

The war taught man to value many things hitherto neglected, and the shark is one of them. The many by-products include glue, pigments, polishing materials, animal fodder, fertilizers, and a leather that is reputed to wear several times as long as calf leather. Nothing is overlooked; teeth are used for ornaments, the backbone can be made into such things as walk-

ing-sticks, the flesh is excellent canned, and the fins made into soup are a traditional dish with the Chinese.

Shark flesh has always been deemed a delicacy by the natives on the East African coast, and there are possibilities of a prosperous shark-catching industry being built there. Last year, the ancient Arab city of Lamu, which is on an island of Kenya some 150 miles north of Mombasa, received a visit from the representative of a Cape Town firm interested in the extraction of vitamins from sharks' livers.

When a shark is landed it is immediately slit open and skinned. The valuable skin is stretched out on an oval board, and then a heavy two-handed convex knife called a flesher is pulled back and forth over it to clean it. Next it is dried, salted, and tanned. The coarser parts are used for shoe leather, while the best of all is the highly-valued shagreen.

But perhaps the most sought-after part of the shark's anatomy today is its liver. The liver of a large shark weighs from 20 to 30 pounds. Up to two and a half gallons of oil are obtained from the liver of an average shark. Shark oil is estimated to be 70 times as rich in vitamin D as cod-liver oil, although not so rich in vitamin A.

There is never likely to be any shortage of material for the production of this oil, for the number of sharks in the world's seas is immense. Although they are not confined to warm latitudes, they breed faster in tropical waters. Millions of them are born in the tropics daily.

The terror of the tropics is called the carcharodon, which will attack any living thing it meets. Specimens of the carcharodon up to 40 feet in length and weighing about eight tons have been caught. It is believed that its fossil ancestors attained a length of 90 feet, and it is possible that there are monsters even now in the tropics from 60 to 75 feet long.

Their strength is enormous, and although the particular species being chased may not be ferocious, there is great danger to the fishermen from its sheer strength. Off California some fishermen received a nasty reminder of this when they were out for nothing larger than sardines. A shark got entangled in their nets, which it tore to shreds in its endeavors to escape and, threshing around madly, finally smashed the rudder of the clipper, leaving it disabled.

Another group of shark hunters who had harpooned a large basking shark off the coast of Scotland, found themselves and their dinghy being towed behind the quarry, which swam at tremendous speed, zigzagging backwards and forwards beneath the water. Hours passed as the creature raced beneath two headlands attempting to make for the open ocean, but was

always driven back by the currents.

The men endeavored by careful steering and constant dragging on the tow-rope to control the course of the shark, but they were practically powerless. The weird battle went on for 24 hours; the dinghy lost sight of the parent ship, and the hunters were not rescued until after three planes had taken part in the search. The shark had dragged the boat more than 100 miles.

Besides strength, a shark seems to possess inexhaustible energy. It never seems to rest. A few years back a shark kept in a large tank at Sydney, Australia, died after three years of captivity. Day and night it had kept on the move, and was never still even when eating. It was calculated that it had covered 75,000 miles during its imprisonment.

Off Florida, sharks are taken on chains with a breaking strain of 2,000 pounds, and their teeth are so sharp that they are capable of biting off the heavy hook which is fixed in their jaws at its shank. Thresher sharks use their huge tails to beat whales to death, and the Greenland shark is the inveterate enemy of the whale in the Far North.

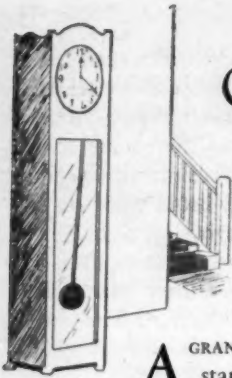
The explorer William Scoresby wrote in 1820, "This shark is one of the foes of the whale. It bites it and annoys it while living and feeds on it when dead. It scoops hemispherical pieces out of its body as big as a person's head; and continues scooping and gorging lump after lump, until the whole cavity of its belly is filled."

Consider the not-so-mighty kilowatt

# Grandfather's Non-Electric Clock

By RICHARD M. SUTTON

Condensed from the *Science Counselor*\*



**A** GRANDFATHER'S clock standing in the hall of my home keeps time faithfully, day after day, year after year. Every Sunday morning I wind it and, in so doing, I break one of the Commandments by doing 50 foot-pounds of useful work to raise the weights that drive it. I might do the work on Monday but the simple ritual seems to signify the beginning of a new week. This is almost the only service that the clock requires of me in return for reliable timekeeping and chiming the hour, night and day, for the next seven days. Only half of this work goes into driving the clock: the other half is spent in driving the chime mechanism which tells every hour and every half-hour. The clock guards its small supply of energy carefully, spending it at the rate of 300 ergs for every tick-tock, but a thousand times as much for every stroke of the bell. The rhythmic, slow ticking of the escapement measures off the seconds as the pendulum swings sedately. I do not know how many decades it has already run, but it seems never to tire.

Whenever I wind it, I am reminded

that grandfather wasn't so dumb. This instrument of an earlier generation is a rugged but accurate piece of machinery, calling only for a little attention and for a mere pittance of energy to keep it going. Fifty foot-pounds is just about enough energy to raise one ounce of water one-tenth of one degree Fahrenheit.

But grandfather is hopelessly out of date. Nowadays everyone measures time by electric clocks, driven by distant and unseen generators. The mighty power plants of our era are kept running so continuously that their very speed of turning has become the symbol and means of accurate timekeeping. Hundreds of thousands of busy little motors are forever spinning out the fabric of time in tiny strands. These motors, geared to the hands of a clock, churn out the seconds quietly and with an agreement that is never achieved by a similar number of clocks individually driven. A new degree of precision in timekeeping has been introduced for the millions. Thanks to electric clocks and the radio broadcast of time at frequent intervals, no one now has any excuse for being

\*Duchesne University, 901 Vickroy St., Pittsburgh, 19, Pa. March, 1948.



more than a minute off from local standard time. Sermons, political speeches, household recipes, and music are now tailored to fit the allotted segments of an ordered day that changes complexion every 15 minutes. Singing commercials punctuate our days like the semicolons in a long sentence.

Time-telling has become a useful by-product of the generation of electric power. Synchronism of clocks and motors regulates our lives from morning till night, from the changing of radio programs to the operation of traffic lights.

But grandfather wasn't so dumb. His clock did for a paltry amount of energy what the modern electric clock does for 18,000 times as much. If we find a 60-watt light too dim to read by, we put in a 100-watt bulb and think nothing of it. And when we are told that a single electric clock requires only two watts to drive it, we dismiss such a trivial power requirement as completely insignificant.

But consider for a moment what two watts, acting night and day for seven days, will accomplish. That amounts to 900,000 foot-pounds of work, as compared with 50 foot-pounds for grandfather's clock. If the same energy were applied to raising a weight, it would raise one ton through a distance of 450 feet, as compared with raising ten pounds through a distance of five feet for the grandfather's clock. Conversely, if the clock is driven by the descent of water through a generator, then (disregarding losses) it would require a ton of

water falling through more than two and one-half times the height of Niagara Falls to drive just one little clock for one week. Every clock that takes two watts to drive it consumes more than one-third of a kilowatt-hour of energy per week. Not much, and not very expensive. But if by a conservative estimate, there are ten million such clocks in operation in this country, then in one year we expend about 200 million kilowatt-hours just to keep the time. At the low rate of one cent per kilowatt-hour, that means a power bill of \$2 million per year to run them. The actual bill is much greater.

No one admires the ingenuity behind the electric clock more than I do. It is a symbol of the reliability of our great power utilities. It is quiet, convenient, and accurate. But just because a thing is modern, is it therefore more efficient? Grandfather had a way of saving energy for useful purposes. He was handicapped by the lack of many of the things we enjoy. Nowadays, each one of us can squander energy (for lighting, operating radios, driving automobiles, and the like) at rates far beyond the reach of grandfather. If, as a result, we lead more meaningful lives, the expenditure is worth while. But if our machines are driving us crazy, if in our mad rush to keep up with them we are allowing them to rule us, if we are slowly allowing the radio to take the place of frequent reflective thinking, perhaps we should stop long enough to take stock and consider the use we make of our new resources and inventions.

# America: —————

## A Daughter of the Church

By CARLTON J. H. HAYES

Condensed from *Columbus\**

CATHOLIC Americans, when they talk about their relations with their country, usually take refuge in a monotonous repetition of a few isolated facts in American history; that Columbus was a Catholic, as were all the early discoverers and explorers; that Catholic St. Augustine was founded prior to Protestant Jamestown, and that Catholic Quebec antedated Protestant Plymouth; that Spanish friars and French Jesuits did noble missionary work among the Indians; that Catholic Maryland was the cradle of religious toleration, that a cousin of the first American bishop was a signer of the Declaration of Independence; that Irish Catholics fought valiantly in the Revolutionary war; that American Catholics generally have had their share, perhaps more than their share, in the successful outcome of all our national wars; that two Catholic laymen at different times have held the high office of Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court; that at the present time almost a fifth of the population of this country are members of the Catholic Church.

All this is true, but it misses the

main point. For example, no sooner is the fame of Christopher Columbus invoked than clamor is raised among Nordic critics to the effect that America wasn't discovered by Columbus at all, but by a certain Leif Ericson. So a new and relatively unimportant issue is evoked; Catholics take the defensive and attempt to prove that they are good Americans by proving that Leif himself was a Catholic. The latter, I think, can be done, but by the time the proof has lodged in American consciousness and the Improved Order of Leif is widespread, someone will come forward with the claim that America wasn't discovered by Leif Ericson at all but by some earlier Chinaman. And then, I foresee, the loyalty of American Catholics will hang a while longer in the balance.

But the loyalty of American Catholics to this country need not hang in the balance one instant, if they will but take higher and firmer ground. The Catholic Church originated within a highly civilized empire that embraced parts of Asia, Africa and Europe; in spreading it transformed and transfigured an earlier great civiliza-

\*270 Pearl St., New York City, 7. April, 1948.

tion. Civilized America has always been Christian; Europe has not always been Christian. The Church has given even more to America than it has bestowed upon Europe. If it is European, then it is American, too.

The concept of Catholicism as the mother of America includes not merely the body of faithful now living in communion with the Holy See, not merely the aggregate of baptized persons, but all effects the Church has had upon private and social life. As such, Catholicism is an idea, a type of culture, a habit, which is transmitted to all human beings within its orbit of influence. Catholic Christianity is the distinguishing mark of one of the three or four great cultural areas of the earth's surface; it has determined a set of customs and manners, of moral principles and social observances, of intellectual concepts and artistic forms, which distinguish its own cultural area—Europe, the two Americas, the Philippines, and smaller regions in other continents—and which mark off this cultural area unmistakably from the far Eastern cultural area of Buddhism, from the East Indian cultural area of Hinduism, and from the Middle Eastern and Central African cultural area of Mohammedanism.

The differences within Christendom are minor in comparison with those which obtain between Christendom as a whole and Islam, or between Christendom and the lands that are Buddhist. The seven-day week beginning with Sunday, the Lord's day; the vast literature springing from and referring

to the Bible of Old and New Testaments; certain forms of architecture and painting; certain habits of thought and expression originating in the Christian doctrine of the Incarnation, in the idea of God made Man: these, with much else, are as commonplace in Christendom as they are extraordinary among peoples influenced by Buddhism, Hinduism, or Mohammedanism. Such differences as do exist within Christendom are traceable to the varying degrees to which the Christian peoples have preserved their loyalty to Catholic traditions and their allegiance to Catholic unity. There is a difference in cultural content between Eastern Europe and Southern Europe, between the habitat of the so-called Orthodox Greek church and the lands that still constitute the core of the Latin, Catholic Church; the former, while retaining most of the Catholic traditions, has rejected the symbol and the fact of Catholic unity. There are differences also between Southern Europe and Northern Europe, between Catholic countries and Protestant regions; the latter, in repudiating the unity of the Catholic Church, have departed more or less from Catholic traditions.

Protestantism has not altogether rooted out its own Catholic heritage. There is not a country in Europe which was not Catholic for a longer time than it has been Protestant; every national literature and every national art of any significance began under Catholic, not Protestant, auspices. Protestantism did not exist when

Christopher Columbus set foot on American soil, and although the bulk of the European emigrants who established English colonies in America in the 17th century were Protestants, they had been so briefly separated from Catholic ancestors and Catholic traditions that the best of what they brought with them, no matter how unwittingly, was Catholic. In this light it is idle to discuss whether the Catholic Lord Baltimore or the Protestant Roger Williams was the first to champion the principle of religious toleration. Similarly, it is as mistaken to minimize the contributions made by New England Protestants to the cause of American democracy as it is erroneous to fail to recognize the historical truth that democracy could never have occurred to New Englanders of the 17th and

18th centuries had it not been for an older tradition of democratic guilds, democratic communes, institutions of representative government, trials by juries of one's peers, and Magna Charta—an older tradition, the whole of which was inextricably interwoven with the life and spirit of medieval, Catholic Europe.

Turn wheresoever you will in the U. S. and study any institution or any ideal which has commonly been regarded as an aspect of true Americanism, and you will discover that no matter who is immediately responsible for its erection or formulation, its embryo is to be found in Catholic theory or practice.

This is what I mean to say in insisting that America is a daughter of the Catholic Church.

## Flights of Fancy

The brown earth cracked open its parched lips as if in prayer for rain.

—A. U.

Communism, the evidence of the unfulfilled tasks of Christianity.

—Nicholas Berdiaeff.

The highway was a frayed black string kinked along the shore line.

—Norbert Davis.

Great white roads wove their ribbons over the brown shoulders of the mountains.

—Donn Byrne.

One great comfort about the Head of the universe—He isn't always in conference when we want to talk to Him.

—Merritt Maloney.

Adolescence: the period in which children begin to question the answers.

—Miami Herald.

Truer words never came from falser teeth.

—Billy Wimsatt.

Rain falling with the enthusiasm of someone breaking bad news.

—H. V. Morton.

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

# Three Miles Deep



By JAMES E. CARVER

PROF. AUGUSTE PICCARD, intrepid scientist who thrilled the world 15 years ago with his pioneer ascent into the stratosphere in a balloon, is planning to conquer another world, the ocean floor. He is confident that he can plunge 14,000 feet, compared with the present record of just over 3,000 feet, into inky darkness that has been undisturbed since the beginning of time. Until the war checked practically all research at sea, increasing attention was being paid to those mysterious vastnesses, believed to be teeming with life that stretches back countless millions of years.

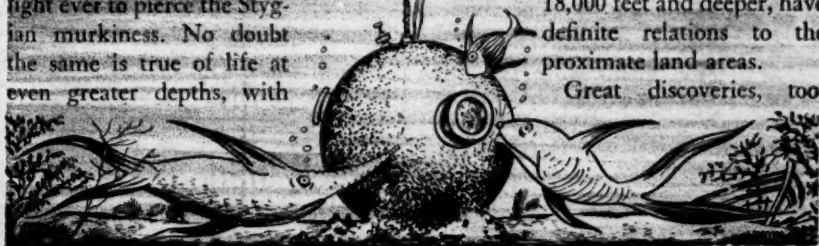
In such depths, intense cold, impenetrable gloom, and terrific pressures prevail. Down at 3,000 feet it is known that fish have strange phosphorescent organs, that give the only light ever to pierce the Stygian murkiness. No doubt the same is true of life at even greater depths, with

fish provided with bodies able to withstand the cold and pressure.

Oceanic-depth studies do not go back very far. Before 1872, when H. M. S. *Challenger* set out on her world-wide explorations, very little of the ocean itself had been studied. The romantic voyage of this vessel, sent out by the British government to examine the physical and biological conditions of all the great oceans, may be said to have inaugurated the modern science of the sea. Soundings taken and bottom samples collected by the expedition all over the world opened up entirely new vistas as to the nature and probable origin of the oceans and their relationship to the continents. They showed that great mountain ranges, valleys, and canyons lie on the sea bottom, and that the trenches, which are as deep as

18,000 feet and deeper, have definite relations to the proximate land areas.

Great discoveries, too,





were made about the deep-ocean life, and how it has adapted itself to the peculiar conditions. Many of the discoveries have proved of great importance commercially, the knowledge, for instance, of the huge plateau which became known as the Telegraphic plateau, between England and North America, of incalculable value in the laying of transatlantic cables.

Except for Dr. William Beebe's work, however, little has been done toward penetrating the depths. This is what Professor Piccard plans to do. He has been working on his scheme for about eight years. He proposes to make his first dive in the Atlantic, perhaps off the Canary islands or West Africa.

The apparatus he plans to use has been variously described as a sea-balloon, diving sphere, and submarine. In a few words, it must be a pressure cabin of some kind, held by a cable. He is reported to have tried out aluminum, but the sphere is likely to be of 8" steel. It will be equipped with a powerful light by the beam of which movies will be taken. To submerge, the professor has the idea of using for ballast steel balls, retained by magnetism, to be released when he wants to surface.

The apparatus will be a development, it is expected, of the bathysphere used by the most eminent undersea scientist of recent years, Dr. Beebe, professor of the American Natural History museum's Tropical Research station. This bathysphere is a spherical steel shell four and three-

quarter feet in diameter, which carries two observers and is lowered by steel cable from a ship to a depth of 3,000 feet, where the pressure is half a ton per square inch. The actual record stands at 3,028 feet.

The descents are no joy rides, for the steel ball is only large enough to contain two squatting men and a camera. The sphere is entered by a manhole. The observers breathe an oxygen supply carried in the sphere; their atmosphere is purified and dried by chemical agents; they are in telephonic and electric communication with the vessel above; and a view of the world without is afforded by three windows of fused quartz, 3" thick and 8" in diameter. The windows give a clearer view than glass and are able to withstand pressure of many tons.

As their sphere descends, the observers peer into the growing darkness and when deemed necessary their searchlight is switched on, passing a beam obliquely over the field of the other window. Reports are sent to a stenographer on deck above.

When the searchlight throws its beam, patterns of fish vanish across it or move in toward the window; some are identified; others, unknown, are gone while the eye struggles to record them. When the beam is shut off, points and blobs of colored light dance and flicker in the darkness, evidence of moving forms whose shadowy shapes are sometimes lit up by their own luminescence.

The possibilities of scientific descents of this kind are great. The trained

observer can give at first hand accurate descriptions of hosts of matters which would otherwise be only dimly guessed as the result of hauling up specimens from the ocean floor. Only too frequently the surface scientist finds, to his chagrin, that specimens taken from below 2,500 feet are damaged beyond identification owing to the sudden relaxation of the enormous pressure to which they are normally subjected. The movements of such creatures and their general ways of life must be merely conjectural to him, but deep-sea descents are opening up new fields of exploration.

Dr. Beebe and his companion met with many hair-raising experiences. Frequently their steel sphere rolled so badly that they were tossed from side to side. For one ghastly moment on a memorable occasion they feared that the cable had broken. Another time the sphere was nearly destroyed on the knife-like ledge of an undersea crag off Bermuda.

If their metal house had failed in the slightest particular they would have been drowned like rats in a trap, crushed out of all recognition. The pressure at extreme depths of half a ton per square inch contrasts with only a pound per square inch on the gondola of a stratosphere balloon at 60,000 feet. Each window holds back 19 tons of water, and at 2,500 feet the pressure on the bathysphere itself exceeds 7,000 tons.

Meticulous precautions have to be made before every descent. But when Dr. Beebe was making his famous de-

scents there was one factor which could not be accurately determined by calculation and test above water: whether the sealing of the door and windows was good enough to prevent the entry of water which would have pulped the scientists before it drowned them. To guard against this peril, the empty sphere was lowered. After one such test with a window insecurely packed, Dr. Beebe recorded in vivid words what happened when the sphere came up nearly full of water and its door was opened on deck.

"Suddenly, without the slightest warning, the bolt was torn from our hands, and the mass of heavy metal shot across the deck like a shell from a gun. This was followed by a solid cylinder of water, which slackened after a while to a cataract, pouring out of the hole in the door, some air mingled with the water looking like hot steam, instead of compressed air shooting through ice-cold water. If I had been in the way I should have been decapitated." Yet, because of the marvels of deep-sea life, previously unknown to science, the observers in the bathysphere consider every risk well taken.

Below 800 feet nothing but a blackish-blueness remains, darkening gradually until at 2,000 feet no trace of light remains. Therefore, if a fish wants to see or be seen, it has to light itself up, which is exactly what it does, and the tentacles attract other fish, which are immediately swallowed. This use of lights is one of the greatest marvels of the ocean blackness. The cuttlefish

of the abyss carries on its body 22 globular light organs, two ruby red, two sky blue, one ultramarine, and the rest white or yellow.

One of the most wonderful of all fish is a species that lives down at 1,000 fathoms. This creature begins life with its eyes planted on stalks half the length of its body. On reaching maturity and a length of 14 inches the eyes assume a normal position, and the fish then develops huge teeth, a complex barbel, and a row of light organs along its body which make it look like a miniature liner with every porthole illuminated.

Far more of a monster than this is a species of fish that lives at 2,000 feet and beyond, almost black, equipped with a row of blue lights along the sides, and having tail and headlights on long tentacles. The sight of two of those creatures ranks as one of the most exciting of all Dr. Beebe's experiences.

He says, "They were of the general shape of large barracudas, but with shorter jaws, which were kept wide open. A single line of strong lights, pale bluish, was strung down the body. The eyes were very large, even for the great length of the fish. The undershot jaw was armed with numerous fangs, which were illuminated either by mucous or indirect internal lights.

"Vertical fins well back were one of the characters which placed it among the sea dragons. There were two long tentacles, hanging down from the body, each tipped with a pair of separate, luminous bodies, the up-

per reddish, the lower one blue. These twitched and jerked along beneath the fish, one undoubtedly arising from the chin, and the other far back near the tail."

We do not usually think of the ocean as being noisy, but there is authoritative evidence that it can be. The American Navy has measured the noises made by various types of fish, for strictly utilitarian purposes. Not much is recorded as to the kind of noises that annoy an oyster, but it seems that when oysters are disturbed in their beds and something causes them to slam their shells shut at about the same time, a series of noises ensues that sounds like an audience clapping their hands.

Such oyster "background noises," and others made by such species as catfish, disturb hydrophone operators and other sound-device men who listen for very faint noises (such as those made by enemy craft) at very great distances.

Ooze recovered from the Atlantic by Charles Piggot of the Carnegie Institute proves that there were four ice ages, in which the sediment was laid down, and five periods when the water was warmer than the Atlantic is now. It shows as well a strange age of giant shells. The earliest deposits go back for something like a million years.

This tracing of the geology of the floor of the oceans is but another fascinating facet of the exploration of the world's seas, only the fringe of which has yet been touched.

Gushers every time

# Drilling for Blood

By O. A. BATTISTA

**D**R. MORTON C. KAHN of Cornell university gives remarkable demonstrations explaining many of the whys and wherefores of the behavior of our principal summer pest—the unfriendly mosquito. Among other things, Dr. Kahn and his associates have discovered that mosquitoes can sing as well as sting, and that when they become very hungry they may actually utter war cries. Although the buzzing sound made by one of the tiny charger's wings vibrating hundreds of times per second may sound almost as terrifying as a Stuka dive bomber, you and I are unable to hear the war cries indulged in by mosquitoes on a humid summer night.

Using an electronic amplifying system, capable of increasing the volume of insect noises some 10 million times, Dr. Kahn has sound recordings on hand to prove that the female mosquito utters low, hoarse noises when she isn't on the war path. But the instant Mrs. Mosquito becomes hungry and decides that your arm looks like a happy feeding ground, she emits an almost hysterical cry.

If only our ears were sensitive enough to pick up this change of sound! Then we would have at least a split-second of warning during which time we could arm ourselves

with aerosol bombs, repellents, or fly swatters.

If all mosquitoes were males, the human species would have no part with them, for the male mosquito has no interest in human blood; he is strictly a vegetarian. Vegetable saps and juices are all that he longs for, and has no equipment with which to capture human blood.

But not so with the other half of the mosquito family. Mrs. Mosquito grows up with an insatiable appetite for human blood. What's more, she carries a complement of hypodermic needles and lances whereby her parasitic feeding on the human body is greatly facilitated. After all, without a stomachful of blood two or three days before her eggs are due to be laid, mama mosquito would not be able to lay them at all. Or, at best, the eggs would be sterile. Looking at the unfortunate circumstances from Mrs. Mosquito's point of view, we can readily understand her doggedness and downright tactlessness in attacking *homo sapiens*.

Actually, there are four species of mosquitoes, and all four of them ought to be tarred and feathered. They are known by the high-sounding, deceiving names of *Anopheles Quadrimaculatus*, *Aedes Aegypti*, *Aedes Albpicus*, and *Culex Piapiens*. But don't let such

cultural surnames mislead you.

The first species is responsible for the transmission of malaria, a disease which at this moment has an estimated 10 million persons sweating, shaking from chills, or dying. Species No. 2 and No. 3 are criminals, but not in the same category as *Anopheles*, for they transmit two less widespread but fatal sicknesses, dengue fever and yellow fever. The fourth culprit of the mosquito species, *Culex Pipiens*, is the ordinary house mosquito herself, responsible for transmission of many millions of bites during each summer season, and instrumental in the exclamation of many a vile word, to say nothing about her barbarous support of a million-dollar-per-annum antimosquito-bite proprietary-medicine business.

Just how does mama mosquito go about giving her stomach a blood transfusion?

Well, her technique is downright vulgar, to say the least. Her eating apparatus, proboscis to the ladies and professors, is something like the end of our Electrolux, a long flexible tube with remarkable maneuverability. But it's one up on our dirt sucker-upper. Mama mosquito's extremity is equipped with a couple of very sensitive feelers, to make for trigger-quick action. Like radar, they guide the dagger-filled proboscis to the most favorable site of operations, probably while you're searching the ceiling in a vain effort to locate the causative agent for the ominous whirr you just heard. Once in position, mama mosquito

fires straight and true. Razor-sharp stylets shove out with the smoothness of a hydraulic press. So sharp are these little daggers that you feel absolutely nothing—yet.

Once you have been wounded, Mrs. Mosquito sets up a system of two-way traffic, to operate at 200% efficiency. You can't tell me that a female mosquito doesn't know she's working against time when she lands anywhere on my exposed epidermis! Blood comes gushing out from the site of operations, swelling the carnivorous gourmand like a growing glob of bubble gum. Flowing in the opposite direction simultaneously is a steady charge of alarmingly irritating spittle, a ready-made anaesthesia to ward off white blood cells swarming to the scene of the microscopic wound. The purpose of this lethal charge is to prevent the blood from coagulating before the feast is over.

By this time, the palm of your hand bears down in the general direction of the first tantalizing itch, only to miss the mark by about six inches. Again, the palm of your hand swings downward to deliver a sledge-hammer blow. But by this time, mama mosquito has pulled up stakes and forfeited her claim to your well of blood. Your hand plows into your skin where a swollen glob of flesh has formed, driving the deposited spittle deeper into the tissue where its toxicity will work to your greatest disadvantage.

When this happens, you probably reach a state of frenzy. You sprint for the DDT or the medicine chest with



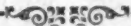
its rows of mosquito repellents. And during all this unbecoming excitement, little do you realize that you have played right into the hands of Mrs. Mosquito, walked helplessly into the ambush so cleverly planned for you. You would dare to interrupt Lady Mosquito in the course of a most important meal, would you? Under her breath, she is saying, "You nasty, inconsiderate man. I'll show you for trying to deprive me of the blood I must have for my offspring!"

You slap salve, oil, or foul-smelling lotion in the general area of the increasingly uncomfortable welt. Next, you aimlessly release the aerosol bomb in a frantic attempt to wipe out every mosquito this side of the Belgian Congo. And, the moment you stop to catch your breath—ouch!

The chilling sensation of another growing welt on another part of your body makes contact with your brain. She did it again! While you were desperately trying to ease the discomfort of the first bite, Mrs. Mosquito had

stealthily started operations itching somewhere else, going about her blood-drilling task quite unconcerned about you. Now, her tummy is filled with your blood as far as it will stretch. She is happy, and quite willing to let you alone as she flies away without saying so much as a "Thank you." And you settle back in a sweat hardly fit to fight off 10 million other mama mosquitoes. Their stomachs are paper-thin and empty. Their appetites are as sharp as those of Bengal tigers. They know you are boiling mad but are willing to wait around the whole night through until you cool off, just for a chance to fill themselves to the brim with your blood.

P. S. The best method which I have found to outsmart mama mosquito in the thick of hot summer darkness is to prop myself up in the direct path of a powerful electric fan. She can't take the gale, while I risk catching pneumonia. But what's pneumonia to a first-class mosquito bite!



ONE day Don Bosco entered a train and sat down next to a man who had the habit of cursing. "But, my good man," Don Bosco interjected, "don't you know that is a sin?"

"Yeah. But it's a habit I can't break."

"If you refrain until the end of this trip, I'll buy you a bottle of wine," Don Bosco promised.

The man got his wine, and Don Bosco added, "If you can stop cursing this long for a bottle of wine, why not stop altogether and save your soul?"

*Don Bosco Messenger (May-June '48).*

*Nun breaks leg at football game*

## For the Colored Kids of Dallas

By EDWARD M. MILLER



SISTER MARY EUCHARIA is young, smiling, and very Irish. And she has a way of looking beyond you, raptly, when she speaks, making you think God must be right over your shoulder.

"I am just after coming from town," she will say, or "I must be for getting to class now," in a lilt that sings of shamrocks and emerald grass and the hills of County Watford. It was a blazing Texas day when I walked into the schoolyard at St. Peter's. I saw Sister Eucharia with wide sleeves turned back taking her turn along with two grade-school colored boys at painting a 20-foot-square boxing platform.

It was well over 100° in the shade, except that there was no shade, and she must have been terribly hot in her heavy black habit. But she didn't notice that. The ring represented a minor victory for the forces of good. At last St. Peter's academy could brag that it had an athletic program like the other Dallas schools; the ring was the symbol of that achievement. Now the Sisters could keep the big fellows out of the streets, corner drugstores, and trouble. All that was worth a little personal discomfort.

That was what her good friend Sister Scholastica thought, too, on the

crisp afternoon last fall when she had the accident that is part of this story. And so, I guess, that must be the way nuns all over the world remind themselves that their innumerable sacrifices for the poor and downtrodden will not go unseen by the God who marks even the fall of a sparrow.

That the two Irish-born Sisters were in Texas at all traces back to Mother Margaret Murphy. In 1888, Judge Murphy of Corpus Christi died, and left his widow Margaret with enough money to storm the salons of Paris, spend the rest of her life on the Isle of Capri, or get into almost any kind of mischief that she might incline to. But Margaret Murphy was of a different bent. One day she visited old St. Mary's church in San Antonio and, while kneeling before the statue of the blessed Virgin, asked for some sign to guide her.

On leaving, she was accosted by a Negro urchin who, seeing her rosary, asked with youthful candor what the little crucifix was. Margaret Murphy took the incident as her sign; she resolved to bring a better knowledge of Christ to such children, and to devote her money to helping Negroes and Mexicans, who fared so miserably this side of the border. With approval of

the bishop of San Antonio, she started the Order of Sisters Servants of the Holy Ghost and Mary Immaculate.

Today, 40 years after Mother Margaret's death, her Order maintains 29 convents in the U. S. and one in Ireland. Nearly 200 nuns, many from the Auld Sod, minister to American poor in 28 schools and one orphanage scattered from Brownsville, Texas, to Albany, N. Y.

Although the motherhouse is in San Antonio, St. Phillip's convent at Mount Bellew, County Galway, Ireland, is recruiting headquarters, for it is still easiest to get postulants in Catholic Ireland.

Young Sister Eucharia, who can whisper instructions into a youthful boxer's ear as well as pound mathematics into his head, is typical. She comes from the town of Watford of a family of seven children, four of whom have chosen the veil.

The Sisters of the Holy Ghost have in Dallas three schools, two for Negroes, one for Mexicans. St. Peter's academy, in the heart of the Negro section, is the largest and oldest. The plant consists of five buildings, the frame church being the most conspicuous, not for its beauty but its age. Once it was the proud Cathedral of Dallas, but now it is a humble church on the far side of the tracks.

The other buildings are better—but not much. There is a nice convent and an adequate rectory, but the two schools are antiques, cold in winter, ovens in summer, and too small. All in all, the setup is only fair; the wonder

lies in how the place is kept going, for the Sisters get no aid from the Catholic Commission for Indian and Negro Missions and very little from the 500 students, of whom some 70 girls are boarders.

The only commodity the Sisters do not lack is students. Dallas Negroes like the education their children get, because the nuns, lifetime teachers, are hard to beat. The Sisters speak four or five languages. They must be otherwise versatile, too, for with fewer than a dozen teachers to handle 500 children, each must be able to take over another's job, must be able to teach everything from sewing to trigonometry. Though many of the nuns wear out, none ever rusts out.

The colored like the nuns, above all, for the fact that they, educated and white, have left their homes, families, and friends to offer their lives in the service of the Negro.

Sister Patrick, mother superior at St. Peter's, has spent 40 years among the colored. Like her Jesuit brethren, who think in terms of decades and centuries, she believes that the best way to make haste is slowly. Quick and sturdy, she rules like a benevolent mother. The dark little faces swim around her in the yard; she joshes them in a stout brogue, raps them on their curly heads, and sends them on their way. Whether she is conducting Reverend Mother Imelda, head of the Order, on an inspection tour or slipping a small handout to one of the many ragged mendicants who find their way to the convent door, she

always has a smile and a bit of blarney.

The latest thing at St. Peter's is the Crusaders Boys' club. A year ago, the Sisters were trying to find some way to keep the boys in hand. The girls were little trouble, but the boys were just plain wild, since the school, hard put to maintain even an adequate scholastic curriculum, had no spare money to devote to devices for using up the restless energies of the sports-loving, book-hating youths. But, as always, the Sisters took their problem to chapel and placed it before the Lord.

And, as usual, help appeared. Joe Charles Montesana, local grocer, offered to sponsor baseball; George Schepps of the Dallas Rebels donated uniforms. The Sisters found that they couldn't afford to buy much at the local sporting-goods stores; instead, kind-hearted merchants, Protestant, Catholic and Jew, loaded them with bats and balls and sent them home with their purses unopened.

Then the two Jim Simmonses, senior and junior, stepped in. Well-to-do Texas cottonseed millers, they gave generously of time and money. Young Jim, himself the father of four, offered to take the kids for plane rides any time the Sisters thought several of them deserved it. An ardent sailplane and aviation enthusiast and holder of the coveted Silver C international sailplane pilot rating, he spent hour after hour in the air, flying either his Stinson *Voyager* or his Beechcraft *Bonanza*, giving giggling colored kids their first rides. Not one of the school's 500 children had ever been up before.

John Sykora, Dallas contractor, built the boxing ring with his own hands in his spare time. Lieut. Col. Dick Smith, airline pilot, former C.O. of the Dallas Air National Guard fighter squadron and 2nd World War fighter-pilot ace, found out about the program, and offered his services in the staging of fights. A series of weekly boxing matches was capped with a city-wide amateur tournament late last summer; the winners were awarded handsome trophies and the title of Dallas Amateur Colored champion in each of the weight divisions. The tourney generated much interest among Dallas Negro youth, for under Texas segregation laws the colored cannot participate in the Golden Gloves contest, and thus the kids had little chance, previously, to show their fistic wares. St. Peter's plans to sponsor the eliminations every year, with an eye to sending winners to the National Golden Gloves tournament eventually.

The Knights of Columbus took a hand next, and had the smaller fellows put on a boxing smoker at the K.C. hall. This gave St. Peter's still feeble athletic exchequer a shot in the arm. At the K.C. fights, the 12 young fighters had to alternate using four pairs of tennis shoes. Only half of the boys had socks.

With fall came football. J. S. Thompson, Dallas clothing manufacturer, gathered \$1,000 for equipment from anyone he could "put the tap on." Then he himself bought the best uniforms he could find. To back him up, Matty Bell, coach of the Southern

Methodist University Mustangs, one of the nation's top teams last fall, sent over football pants and shoulder pads to equip two squads. Not satisfied yet, Sid Thompson and Joe Mentasana rounded up a competent colored coach, put him in charge, and guaranteed him a year-round salary. But best of all, you should have seen and heard those kids, who had never even had a decent football before, when they climbed into those flashy blue-and-white uniforms.

Thus St. Peter's got its athletic program, and everyone was happy, even poor Sister Scholastica, who, in the tradition of the Sisters, offered her personal suffering in thanksgiving for the Lord's generosity. On the sidelines at the first St. Peter's game, Sister stood and cheered in a broad Irish brogue; the Crusaders were doing just fine, and she was enjoying herself immensely, when all at once a big fellow broke away and headed right for her with a handful of tacklers in pursuit. A half dozen burly footballers pitched into the spectators and, when the scramble was untangled, everyone figured that Sister Scholastica had made the tackle, for she lay at the bottom of the pile-up with her right leg broken above the ankle and above the knee. Nevertheless, she remains St. Peter's

No. 1 fan, and vows she'll be at all of next season's games. Only she thinks she'll watch them from a car.

That's how things are at St. Peter's now with the Sisters Servants of the Holy Ghost and Mary Immaculate. And, though their athletics problem has been taken care of, they have many more: the prejudice they have to fight on many fronts, the daily battle to pay bills, the nagging need for better facilities, and their fear that they are not doing their best to give the Lord a fitting house to replace crumbling old St. Peter's church. But problems do not make the Sisters anxious. They wrap the problems in quiet prayer and lay them on God's altar where, in His good time, they will be solved.

Meanwhile, Sister Scholastica tests her weight on her mending leg; Sister Patrick shoos off a dusky little gentleman who comes seeking a relic of "Saint" Booker T. Washington; Sister Stanislaus wonders if the tikes she teaches will ever quit calling her Sister Santa Claus; and young Sister Eucharist ponders the proposal a 3rd-grader has made that she fight Sister Callistus on the next fight card.

And she looks up and away and grins. And, watching her, I think I can see the good Lord reflected in her clear blue eyes, smiling back at her.



BY AND large, the Russians are concerned today with the shadow of war and long bread lines. Russia should mind her peace and queues.

Morris Chapman in the *New Leader* (8 May '48).





*Greatest character in the alley*

# Fred Allen of the Super Hooper

Condensed from *Today*\*

IT WAS amateur night at the local theater. On the stage a boy barely in his teens was putting on a juggling act. The manager of the theater strode out from the wings.

"Where did you learn to juggle?" he heckled. Taking a deep breath, the boy shot back, "I took a correspondence course in baggage smashing." The audience roared, and Fred Allen's career as an impromptu wit was under way.

Fred was born John F. Sullivan in Cambridge, Mass. His mother died when he was three years old and his father when the boy was 14. The boy lived with an aunt and worked after school as a stackboy in the Boston public library.

While earning his 20¢ an hour in the library, he ran across a book on juggling, read it and began to practice. Soon he was good enough to compete in the amateur shows which were very popular in Boston at the time. Many theaters ran one every week, and young John joined the troupe which made the rounds regularly.

Win, lose, or draw, each contestant in the amateur shows received 50¢

outright, 50¢ for dinner, and 10¢ for carfare. The lucky winners were chosen by lining up all the contestants on the stage after the show was over. Then the manager would move along behind them, holding his hand in turn over the head of each contestant. The amateur who drew the largest volume of applause received \$25, the second most popular, \$10, and the third, \$5.

After his impromptu dialogue with the theater manager, Fred's act became more a monologue and less a juggling act. At one period he was billing himself as the World's Worst Juggler.

Finally he felt able to quit his daytime job and leave the ranks of amateurs for the professional theater. When he made this major change in his life, he adopted his first stage name, Fred Saint James. Not long afterwards he dropped the middle portion of the name, a move made, he says now, at the suggestion of friends, who found the "Saint" incongruous.

As Fred James he spent 14 months just before the first World War touring extensively through Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand and Hono-

\*638 Deming Place, Chicago, 14, Ill. April 1, 1948.

lulu. He still kept the juggling part of his act, but it was becoming less important as time went by.

Back in the U. S., he continued his vaudeville touring after a short period in the army. About this time he changed his name again. Later he explained this change, "So many theater managers had mistaken me for one of the James boys on salary days that I reluctantly changed my professional name to Allen as a tribute to Ethan Allen, who had stopped using the name shortly after the Revolution." The name stuck, and he's been Fred Allen ever since.

While he toured the country, he kept his eye on the big time. To make sure that New York agents would know his name, he made a practice of bombarding them with various eye-catchers. A typical one sent to all the eastern agents was a fancy booklet entitled *What I Know About Show Business*, by Fred Allen,—with all blank pages.

By the 20's Allen gained enough reputation to advance from vaudeville to Broadway revues. Soon he was a regular part of New York theatrical life, appearing in such shows as *Polly*, *The Passing Show of 1922*, *The Greenwich Village Follies*, and *Three's A Crowd*. In addition to his own parts, he managed to find time to write acts for other people, sketches for various shows, and assorted magazine articles. Allen has always wanted to write. Asked recently his supreme ambition, he replied succinctly, "Write, if I had the brains."

The walls of one room in his apartment are lined with bound volumes of his radio shows, and next to his radio scripts he keeps a complete set of Shakespeare. "It's a corrective," he says, "just in case I start thinking a ton of cobblestones is worth as much as a few diamonds."

In 1928 Allen married Portland Hoffa, who had worked with him in the cast of *Three's A Crowd*. "We had no extended honeymoon," he says, "but we spent a few days in Waterbury, Conn., to make it seem longer." Portland's natural voice is soft and well modulated; her high pitched squeak on the radio is strictly for laughs. No such statement can be made about Fred's voice. His is grim reality. The most famous description of Allen's voice is probably that coined by O. O. McIntyre. He said that Allen's voice "sounds like a man with false teeth chewing on slate pencils."

Some observers think that Fred's unhappy, dry nasal drawl may have had a lot to do with his initial success on radio. They say that people were fed up with soothing-syrup voices and turned to Allen's program for relief. Allen first broke into radio in 1932, but he didn't really hit national radio fame until his "Town Hall Tonight" program started in 1934. In the name of Ipana and Sal Hepatica, Fred put on an hour show, which continued until 1940. To this program he brought many of the tricks of vaudeville; he was one of the first to introduce amateurs and novelty acts.

One of the acts set off the spurious

Fred Allen-Jack Benny feud which has been going since 1936. One night Allen remarked to a 12-year-old violinist on the program that despite his youth he played better than Benny. Audience-wise Benny recognized a good gag when he saw it, and the feud has been continued since then on a spontaneous basis. Benny is usually no match for Allen in the ad-lib department, and there was a grain of bitter truth in Benny's reply after Allen had got off a barbed remark. "You wouldn't say that to me," Benny protested, "if my writers were here."

Benny has great respect for Allen and calls him "the best wit, the best extemporaneous comedian I know." Allen is considered a comedian's comedian, and Benny's feelings are fairly universal among the trade. Edgar Bergen refers to Allen as "the greatest living comedian" who "exposes and ridicules the pretensions of the times."

"California is a wonderful place to live," says Allen, "if you're an orange." He began to discover that he was no orange in 1935, when he made his first full-length movie, *Thanks A Million*.

In 1938 he risked Hollywood again to make *Sally, Irene, and Mary*. His pictures have never won any Oscars, but they have made money. *Love Thy Neighbor*, for instance, which he made with Jack Benny in 1940, netted him \$100,000, but Allen still does not like Hollywood. "Hollywood is no place for the professional comedian," he says. "The amateur competition is too great."

After one Hollywood experience he

came up with a definition. "An associate producer," he said, "is the only guy in Hollywood who will associate with a producer." Perhaps he best summed up his opinion of his Hollywood interludes when he said, "If it weren't so permanent, I would have wished I were dead."

Allen has never gone in for personal possessions. "They make me nervous," he says. He has never owned a house nor a car nor anything of any size. This he explains by saying, "I don't want to own anything that won't fit into my coffin."

Unlike most radio comedians, Allen writes almost his entire show single-handed. In one form or another his program, currently sponsored by Ford, has been on the air since 1932. This fact makes his writing task seem phenomenal. He has a tremendous capacity for work, putting in as much as 80 hours a week on his show.

The Allens live in a four-room apartment in Manhattan. There Fred works on next week's script, sleeping in the mornings and working afternoons and evenings. He reads nine newspapers each day and a book or two a week. His reading tastes, he says, run to "about three feet five inches of the Five Foot Shelf." From the newspapers he tears out scores of items which he stuffs into his pockets as possible leads for future programs.

Where jokes are concerned, Allen seems to have been blessed with a mind like an encyclopedia. When he wants a gag on a particular subject, his mental filing system goes into op-

eration and he can almost always come up with one. Not unnaturally, he has a great interest in joke books, and has accumulated a collection of 4,000.

Outside the studio Allen is haunted by the pressure of passing time. He works six days a week, putting in long hours and avoiding social life in New York as strenuously as in Hollywood. Usually he manages to squeeze in six hours of sleep a night. One night a week he and Portland go out to dinner and the movies or the theater, and once or twice a week he works out in a gym to keep himself in shape. Occasionally he takes in a fight, because, he says, "It's a relief to see another guy getting hit on the head for a change."

Inside the studio and on the air, however, the pressure of time bothers him not at all. He is relaxed and enjoying himself; the warnings of network executives pointing to the clock seem to bother him not one bit. After one tiff with the studio he described a vice-president as a "bit of executive fungus that forms on a desk that has been exposed to conference."

Allen has never had very happy relations with the people who run radio. In the first place his opinion of the intellectual content and importance of radio is very low. "Radio," he says, "marches on—on a treadmill." On another occasion he remarked, "The scales have not been invented fine enough to weigh the grain of sincerity in radio." On Christmas eve some years ago, after a particularly hard day, Allen decided that the best present he could give his radio audience

was one minute of silence. It occurred to him in the middle of a program, seemed like a fine idea, and he did it—one minute of pure, unadulterated silence coast to coast as Fred Allen's Christmas present to the radio audience.

The spontaneity achieved on the Allen show is not entirely accidental. He is one of the best ad-libbers in the business, but he also goes to great pains to achieve the atmosphere he wants. The first script of his show is purposely left five or ten minutes too long and is then generously cut by Allen in rehearsal. At no time during rehearsals will he allow the orchestra to be in the room. When the show actually goes out over the air, the gags are as fresh to the members of the orchestra as they are to the radio listeners, and they laugh just as hard. He never warns the other players of his ad-libs. Caught off guard, they react much as anybody else, and the show has a relaxed air and an atmosphere of genuine enjoyment that is unique in radio.

"I know how to make people laugh," Allen says, "and I know approximately when they'll laugh, but I haven't the vaguest idea why they laugh." One of his great gifts is character creation. A big part of his present show is Allen's Alley, where he interviews type characters of various social groups in the U. S. So real are the Allen characters that all over the country people debate furiously as to which is the best. People get so interested that sometimes Allen isn't able

to develop a character in just the way he planned. That happened to Senator Beauregard Claghorn, played by Kenny Delmar. People liked such lines as "That's a joke, son!" so much that they wanted to hear variations of the same theme all the time. This prevented Allen from enlarging the characterization of the Senator.

Another stock character in Allen's Alley is Titus Moody, as portrayed by Parker Fennelly. Titus is Allen's own favorite character at the moment. "Titus will be getting better," Fred says, "when the other characters have dried up and blown away." Still other people swear by Peter Donald's interpretation of Ajax Cassidy, whose "not long for this world" became a national byline. Perhaps the best known of all the Alley characters is Mrs. Pansy Nussbaum, a New York Mrs. Malaprop with a Yiddish accent. Twice last year Allen's show hit the top in Hooper popularity rating, and the program numbers well over 20 million listeners. About half that number manage to repeat Mrs. Nussbaum's latest at some time during the week following Allen's Sunday-night show.

Another Allen innovation in the direction of radio spontaneity is his refusal to use applause signs. On many radio shows the timing is figured out to the split second, and the studio audience is requested to applaud only when the sign indicates the proper time. Allen scorns the use of such machine-like, tailored laughter. He further horrifies rivals by using up some of his very best jokes, never to

be used again, warming up a cold audience before the show goes on the air.

Fred Allen's humor is a blend of many things. Into one show he may weave bad puns, low comedy, ridiculous verse, surprise angles, and social satire of the highest type. He is one of the best balloon-prickers in our time, and he does not exclude himself from his determined efforts not to take pretensions too seriously. As a result he is scrupulously humble, violating all theatrical tradition by a consistent playing down of his own efforts and importance.

Famed wit Ludwig Bemelmans once described Allen's face as the sharpest knife he had ever seen. The bags under his eyes are probably the most famous and widely publicized personal equipment of their kind in the world. His teeth bear the marks of his youthful profession. As a part of his early juggling act, Allen used to catch turnips on a knife held in his teeth. The constant battering chipped them, and the trademark remains today.

His face is all seams and pouches, and he has the quick flitting eyes of the trained juggler. His eyes have evoked some wild flights of fancy. Perhaps the most graphic description was coined by the man who said that Allen's eyes looked like two cold poached eggs.

Allen has been paid as high as \$20,000 a week for his show. He employs a large cast, however, and after salaries and taxes he probably draws about \$2,000 a week for himself. He



is known throughout show business as a very soft touch for those who are down on their luck. A writer who knew him well described him in this way: "A good Catholic who seldom drinks, has never gambled, and quietly gives away far more money than he spends on himself."

On one occasion he remarked about his own childhood, "Why, I can remember, when I was a baby, my teething ring was vulcanized in three places, and if I wanted something to

eat, I had to creep out and fight a bird for it." When asked about the money he gives away, he just mumbled, "I've been poor myself."

After such a revealing remark it does not take him long to get back into his usual character, however. He may snap back into his traditional role by saying, "Eventually, I have high hopes, I'll be able to withdraw from the human race." Millions of people hope this event will be a long time deferred.



*The tentacle coils*



## Extended Hand *in Bogotá*

By JOHN W. WHITE

THE savagery of the recent mob violence against churches and other Catholic property in Colombia had no precedent in Latin-American history. Not even in Mexico. That fact alone should have dispelled all doubt as to the communist motives behind the outbreak that interrupted the sessions of the 9th Inter-American conference. It was a feature that was not indigenous to Latin-American revolutions. Until the Colombian outburst, revolts in the southern republics followed a century-old pattern. They were uprisings of discontented politi-

cal "outs" against the "ins." There was no attack against the Church, because the "outs" were as Catholic as the "ins." And Colombia is one of the most Catholic of all the republics.

Communist leaders, on the other hand, have announced a new pattern for their social revolution throughout Latin America. This pattern has three main objectives: 1. destroy the Catholic Church; 2. undermine American and British capitalism; 3. replace the existing pseudodemocratic governments with communist ones.

Communist leaders confess that de-

struction of the Church is the most difficult of the three objectives. Furthermore, they say, it stands in the way of achieving the other two goals. Therefore, they seize upon every outburst of unrest or disorder as an opportunity for unloosing their fury against the Church.

In Costa Rica a gang of communist guerrillas fighting at Puerto Cortes in the civil war that broke out last March dragged two Franciscan missionaries from bed at 2 A.M., beat them unmercifully, and destroyed their mission. The priests escaped death only because a regular-army detail arrived in time. There will be more and more of this as time goes on.

The communists have infiltrated into the liberal parties throughout Latin America. Consequently, future revolutions may be expected to follow the new pattern of revolt instead of the old. The Bogotá outbreak can be repeated almost any day in practically any one of the republics.

The announced goal of the communist revolution in the western hemisphere is to liberate the Latin republics from "their colonial dependence on the U. S." and to prevent them from extending any assistance to the U. S. in a war with Soviet Russia. The Catholic Church and American business are the two barriers to this goal, according to communist leaders. Hence the following statement in the Declaration of Principles of the World Communist party and also of the so-called Workers' Alliance of South America.

"The manual and intellectual workers of South America declare that the main effort of the Latin-American working class must be to obtain full economic and political autonomy for the Latin-American nations and to liquidate the semifeudal vestiges which characterize the countries. Only thus can we raise the economic, social, and moral standard of the great masses of the people."

That paragraph contains the communist declaration of war against the Catholic Church. It was carefully explained to a meeting of communist leaders by the president of the Communist party of Chile, Senator Elias Lafferte. He said, "When our Declaration of Principles speaks of liquidating the semifeudal vestiges which characterize the South American countries, it means the political and spiritual power of the Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church. Because for more than 400 years it has had in its hands the spiritual control of the nations, it will not be an easy job to foil the Catholic Church, which has always been hostile to our cause. Both we and the Catholics must give up all illusions. It is very dangerous, however, to make declarations of this kind in the countries where the political and spiritual power of the Church rules the government.

"Our worst enemies in South America are American capitalism and the Catholic Church. American capitalism has not yet abandoned its dreams of imperialism and colonialism in South America. The Catholic Church holds

under its strong spiritual and political control the majorities of each country, especially among the lower classes, from which the Catholic Church must be dislodged before we can make proselytes for our cause."

Lafferte went on to explain that the principal enemy of communism in Argentina is what he described as the coalition among army officers, capitalists, and Catholics. In Brazil also, he said, the progress of communism is blocked by a tripartite coalition of Catholics, capitalists, and army men.

Wherever communism has appeared in the Americas, its first official act has been a declaration of war against the Catholic Church and American business.

The most recent emergence of communism from an underground movement into a bitterly anti-Catholic, anti-American party was in Haiti, in the critical Caribbean area. The new party immediately began playing on the racial complexes of the cruelly exploited Negro and mulatto populations and using them for creation of a racial, religious and class conflict throughout the Caribbean area.

The thousands of Haitian laborers in the sugar fields of Cuba insure an international hookup for this racial conflict. Cuban communism already had been stirring up racial and religious hatred and this may easily become a dangerous threat to peace in the West Indies.

The national leader of the Communist party in Haiti, with the title of secretary general, is a Negro Protes-

tant minister named Felix Dorlean Juste Constant, who for several years has been prominent in the so-called evangelical or anti-Catholic missionary movement in Haiti. Constant also is editor of the communist newspaper *Combat*, published in Port-au-Prince. Bishop Vaegli of the Episcopal church sent a letter to Constant advising him that he could no longer officiate as a minister of that church because of his political activities. In spite of this, Constant still uses photographs of himself in his clerical clothes in all his political propaganda.

As they have done throughout Latin America, the communists of Haiti immediately launched a three-way campaign with these announced objectives.

1. Destroy other political parties by creating dissension within them, thus paving the way for the communists to become the only party in the country.
2. Destroy the Catholic Church.
3. Create serious disorders within the country by fanning racial hatred into flame. Since there is practically no white population in Haiti, the third activity consists of intensifying on every possible occasion the bitter racial hatred already existing between Negroes and mulattos.

The Program of Action, as officially announced by the party in its newspapers, consists of the following points.

1. Establishment of a proletarian dictatorship in all Haiti.
2. Condemnation of foreign intervention in Haiti. (This refers to American fiscal control of customs.)
3. Socialization of all large agricultural, commercial and in-

dustrial enterprises. 4. Abrogation of the Concordat with the Vatican and the separation of Church and state. 5. Compulsory military service.

The first number on the program is interesting as constituting an open threat against the Dominican Republic, which occupies the eastern portion of the island. Until a few years ago the Haitian Constitution declared that the island of Santo Domingo was one and indivisible. As the Haitians at one time had occupied the entire island as a Negro empire, this constitutional provision was a declaration of sovereignty over the entire island.

As a result of the treaty that settled the boundary dispute between the two republics occupying this small island, the Haitian Constitution was revised to remove this declaration. The expression "in all Haiti" in the communist Program of Action is a renewal of the declaration of Haitian aspiration to sovereignty over the entire island.

The heyday of Haitian tradition was at the turn of the 19th century, when Haiti was a Negro empire, following L'Ouverture's successful rebellion of the slaves and the massacre of most of the white population. Communist agitators keep reminding the masses of the glory of those days, when they set up a member of their own race as emperor. It is intimated that the proletarian dictatorship, called for in the Program of Action, could take the form of an empire and that the glory that was Haiti could reign again. Without the influence of the Catholic Church, of course.

Colombia and Haiti are not isolated examples. They are parts of the interlocking whole. Communism is at war with the Church and with American business from Mexico to Chile.

There is a dangerous tendency in the U. S. to belittle the communist threat in Latin America. The communist parties are the most efficiently organized political machines south of the Rio Grande. They are also the most intelligently directed.

The efficiency of communist organization in the outbreak in Colombia has been befogged by the sensational assassination of Jorge Eliecer Gaitan, leader of the left wing of the Liberal party. What was not sufficiently emphasized in the news reports from Bogotá was that communist mob violence had exploded simultaneously in the port cities of Buenaventura and Barranquilla before Gaitan was shot in the capital. In Barranquilla one of the first acts of the mob was to burn the cathedral, just as it did in Bogotá.

Communist-led mobs were burning and looting in Cali, Barranca Bermeja, and other distant points before news of the Bogotá outbreak could have been received. The red flag of communism was carried by the mobs in each of those localities.

The Colombian catastrophe should be recognized in the U. S. for what it really was. It was the biggest and most spectacular maneuver that the communists have staged for trying the strength and testing the discipline of their now powerful Latin-American war machine.

# Don't Spill the Salt

By JAMES C. G. CONNIFF

Condensed from *Columbia\**



**A**GUY I know with a lot of spare room between his ears uses it to store up unusual facts. Claims it helps him socially. For example, on Borneo they have flying cockroaches a foot long. One million pennies would make a line about 12 miles long. In the Soviet Union, the inhabitants speak 146 languages, including Russian. During the past 4,000 years there have been only 268 free of war. Stuff like that.

Well, one night last winter he was trying to read the paper in his living room. Across from him his wife peacefully darned his socks. From time to time her soft musical voice broke the domestic spell to relate the many trials of housewifery that had beset her during the day. My friend is old enough to know better, but the devil suddenly popped into his brain and hauled out a little-known fact. With a quiet smile on his lips, he lowered his paper, "Did you know," he inquired pleasantly, "that to this day there are remote places where a man can buy a wife for that little dime box of salt you have out there in the pantry?"

When he got out of the hospital, my friend made a detailed study of salt. He found the stuff was more wonder-

ful (and potent) than he'd dreamed. Of the 8 million tons of salt produced by four or five major-mining companies in the U. S. each year, he was surprised to learn that he himself consumed an average of 12 pounds. That wasn't much more than half what the ordinary European uses to season his foods in a year, but my friend was about to astound his wife with the information anyway. Then he thought better of it, went out to the kitchen and drank a couple of big glasses of water. He stood there by the sink for a while, thinking about some of the 14,000 known uses of salt that he could name if he ever had to.

The wife had made him use salt as a dentifrice when she'd forgotten to buy toothpaste, he recalled, and he's stubbornly refused to admit that he now preferred it, even using it on the sly sometimes when there was a full tube of paste right there in the medicine cabinet. Still, did she know that by sprinkling some salt into a hot pan before frying meat, you can prevent grease from splashing and burning you or setting the stove afire? A bit smugly, he wondered. And the trick of a teaspoonful in the water when

\*45 Wall St., New Haven, Conn. May, 1948.



you're boiling cracked eggs, to keep the white from running out. That one she probably knew about, along with how good salt is for scrubbing the stains from inside coffeepots. But he doubted she knew that a couple of tablespoons of it in the last rinse water would keep clothes from freezing to the line on a cold day. Or that a paste of it made with an equal amount of bicarbonate of soda, in water, helps take the sting and itch from mosquito bites.

He'd seen her soak her feet in a strong hot-water solution of salt after a hard day of shopping, but he himself had only the night before drawn the ache from his whole body by dumping a full container of table salt into his steaming bath. He'd let her in on that little secret, he guessed, after he'd made sure she didn't misinterpret his remarks that a mild warm-water solution of salt is a relief to tired, blood-shot eyes.

At breakfast the following morning he amazed the children by sprinkling salt in his coffee and lightly over his grapefruit. "Improves the flavor of the coffee," he beamed. "Sweetens the grapefruit." The children worried about him all day.

The man at the gas station smiled fixedly while my friend explained that without salt there would probably be no gasoline business. "Yeah?" said the man. "How come?"

"Simple," said my friend. "You need salt to case-harden the steel parts of cars, to cure and tan the leather trim, to manufacture textiles for upholstery,

synthetic rubber for tires and engine mounts, plastic steering wheels, anti-freeze compounds, and especially to refine gasoline. Why, do you realize," my friend lowered his voice, "that without salt there'd be no tetraethyl lead?"

"Whaddaya know?" said the man.

"There'd be no tetraethyl lead," my friend said emphatically. "Which'd mean no high octane gasoline. Which might," he wound up thoughtfully, "mean no more wars."

The boys at the office were glad when quitting time came. They felt crummy all over. One fellow said he thought he'd find salt in his shoes that night when he went to bed. The boss didn't enjoy his dinner for thinking how much he depended on the salt that seasoned his *filet mignon* to keep the water balance in his glands at a safe level and prevent him from throwing convulsions. Nevertheless, he resolved to install salt-tablet dispensers in his plant next summer, with a chrome-plated one in the board room, lest somebody collapse from loss of salt through excessive perspiration.

On the way home my friend met an old farmer of his acquaintance and asked him if he knew that cattle should have free access to salt.

"Knewed it for years," grunted the farmer. "Got more 50-pound blocks of salt stuck up on posts all over my place than I get eggs from my hens in February."

"Oh," my friend paused. "They lick at the blocks when they feel they need salt, eh?"

"Yep," cackled the farmer, "cows got more sense than some hoopmans."

That night my friend and his wife entertained a college professor and his wife and all through the game of bridge my friend discoursed learnedly on salt. The coarsest crystals are used by railroads and janitors on tracks and sidewalks to melt ice. "And practically the same size salt," my friend told his partner, "is used to freeze ice cream."

"That so?" murmured the professor. "Two clubs."

"The gold in your wedding ring," he told the professor's wife, "could not have been refined without salt. Why, your daily newspaper would be unreadable without salt to bleach the newsprint."

"Gracious!" said the good lady. "I pass."

"The same stuff that makes those pretzels at your elbow so tasty," my friend continued, "is mixed with clay or soil to stabilize secondary highways of crushed stone or gravel. Salt, which is cube-shaped, may emerge on your grocer's shelves in its natural shape, as flakes, or as irregular crystals, depending on how it's processed. You ladies might be glad to know that in cooking you'll need a rounded teaspoonful of flake salt to equal a level teaspoonful of cube salt.

"Yes, indeed," murmured his wife. "Two hearts."

"Salt, you know—I pass—is obtained by the ancient evaporation method even today at Great Salt Lake in Utah, where the sun's rays evaporate shallow pools of brine and leave

the caked deposits at their bottoms. But most of it is either mined from deep caverns by machinery, emerging in giant blocks, or pumped up in the form of brine from drilled wells. They get granulated salt mostly by boiling brine in vacuum pans."

"I tried it on my windshield to melt the ice," said the professor, "and when that warm spell came I found the salty crust it left had eaten into the paint on my hood."

"Should've been more careful. Take floors. Lots of women don't know that floors scrubbed with a strong hot brine will help keep moths out of their rugs and carpets. Moths hate salt."

"I can imagine," said the professor.

"But," said my friend, "if you scrub a parquet floor with brine, you ruin the parquet. It's common sense. Like removing inkspots from clothes. Salt's fine for that, in solution, but people wait till the spot is days old and then complain that the salt trick is no good."

"Lots of interesting traditions connected with salt, I suppose," the professor said with a sigh.

"Why, yes! You throw a pinch of salt over your shoulder to ward off bad luck when you've spilled salt, because it was believed that the devil stands at your left shoulder and causes such accidents. Calling a man, as Christ did, the 'salt of the earth' is a high compliment. A good worker is said to 'earn his salt.'"

"I suppose you know," the professor interrupted, "that the word salt derives from the Latin *sal*?"

"And," said my friend triumphantly, "the word salary comes from *sal* because the Roman soldier received part of his pay in salt!"

The professor smiled significantly and laid his cards down. "Did it ever occur to you that men have died because of salt?"

"Often. In the Civil war the Union troops attacked Saltville, Va., and fought a pitched battle to sack the town and destroy its salt works. On the way home from Moscow, Napoleon's men died horrible deaths because their wounds would not heal for want of salt in their diet. White traders in South America, Africa and the South Seas died at the hands of natives with whom they were trading precious salt for gold, gems and ivory, whenever the natives felt out of sorts—probably from a salt deficiency. During the 1st World War blood ran freely in the Russian offensive to take the largest salt mine on earth, Poland's Wieliczka mine, where millions of tons of salt have been mined since the deposit was discovered around 1000 A.D. Today this mine has some 77 miles of passages on seven different levels from 200 to 900 feet below the surface."

"I've seen that one," the professor's wife said. "They have a whole railroad system in it and ferries carry passengers across salt lakes wrapped in darkness. But I thought the most beautiful

thing about it was the chapel that has been carved out of the solid salt, altar, pews, railings and all."

"We have something like that on Avery island off the coast of Louisiana; where 60-foot pillars of salt support the roof, and little workshops and office buildings have been carved out for the underground administration of the mine." My friend paused. "But getting back to the professor's point, I think one of the most powerful demonstrations of how evil an omen the spilling of salt has always been considered is Leonardo da Vinci's 'Last Supper,' where he dramatized the profound horror of Judas' treachery by portraying him with an overturned saltcellar near the fist that clutches the bag of awful silver."

The professor was solemn as my friend revealed this little-known fact, but at last he spoke, picking up his cards again as he did so. "No, that wasn't quite what I had in mind. I was thinking, you see, that salt, a mineral so precious to our well-being that the federal government listed it among the top-priority materials during the recent war, is actually a divine blend of two deadly poisons, sodium and chlorine. Very deadly." The professor sighed and a weird smile licked at his lips. "Drop into the lab at the college some day, John. I'll show you what I mean. Three spades."



*Oh!*

**THE** portrait of James Madison is on our \$5,000 bills.

Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C., in the *Ave Maria* (27 March '48).

*What Are You Waiting For?*

# YOU CAN BE Better Than You Are

By MICHAEL PUTMAN

Condensed from the *Torch*\*

**W**HEN our Lord was explaining the kingdom of heaven to people of His time, He often used the expression, "The kingdom of heaven may be likened" to something: like a grain of mustard seed, like a man sowing seed. In the same way the lay apostolate may be likened to an iceberg—only one-eighth is visible. Just as physical law makes it impossible for an iceberg to ride higher in the ocean, spiritual law makes it impossible for a man to display greater good works without a proportionate increase in his inner life. Let's take a look at the submerged seven-eighths, the hidden or interior life.

This is not a discourse on how to become a mystic and see visions in 15 easy lessons. I will begin at the bottom of the ladder and try to point out the first few steps upward.

The same qualities that are necessary for true success in all other fields of endeavor are required for success in the struggle for spiritual development. This fundamental point is so generally overlooked that people see no connection between the qualities that bring success in the spiritual life and those that bring success in business, politics,

Michael Putman, assistant credit manager of an oil company, has never put on paper the talks which inspired organization of Catholic Action in Minneapolis and St. Paul. This one, given in a district meeting in November, 1947, found its way into print. Mr. Putman, a businessman, father of four lively children, believes that lay people can put more Catholic living into daily routine.

and the other pursuits of the world.

People of the modern world have a completely distorted understanding of the saints. They look back on them as downtrodden souls who gave up everything and missed out on all the interesting things in the world. They think that because the saints didn't have what it takes to be a success in the world, they gave up and withdrew from it. If they had had real ability, they would have been out making fortunes, and becoming famous instead of wasting their lives in monasteries, hospitals, schools, in menial, poorly paid work, and in obscure homes raising Christian families. The misconception has given rise to some pretty dismal pictures of saintly men and women.

Correct that impression. Suppose this is All Saints' day and we have a

\*141 E. 65th St., New York City, 21. May, 1948.

few guests in honor of the occasion. They are sitting right over there. First, we'll introduce those rugged Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul. Did they spread Christianity throughout the entire Mediterranean area just because they didn't have the ability to do anything else? And there's St. Benedict. When he retired from the pagan life of Rome to his cave at Subiaco, was he giving up the fight? The monasteries founded under his rule kept civilization alive during the centuries after Rome collapsed. And there's St. Ignatius Loyola. When he was wounded in battle and gave up being a soldier for Spain to become a soldier for Christ, was he quitting because he couldn't take it? Don't kid yourself.

Those men had the essential spiritual quality all leaders have had—a dominant motive in life, an iron will to accomplish their purpose. John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie, or J. P. Morgan in the field of business, Napoleon, Hitler, or Stalin in politics, or St. Paul, St. Benedict, or St. Ignatius in the spiritual life, were determined to overcome all obstacles.

The saints, without exception, were possessed of a high sense of purpose, a powerful drive to attain an ideal, and were willing to sacrifice everything to succeed. In religion this is zeal, whereas in business it is ambition, enthusiasm, aggressiveness; any way you slice it, it is the same quality, and nobody can get anywhere without it. The only difference is that the saints, sometimes easily and quickly, sometimes after years of terrible emotional upheaval,

realized that the most valuable use for their abilities was not in achieving worldly success, but in furthering the establishment of the kingdom of heaven on earth.

Here is the key to Catholic Action. For that is what Catholic Action means to do: restore all things in Christ. The popes have laid out the general principles. Canon Cardijn and his Belgian and French Jocists have put them into practice and produced a proven program. The hardest job has been done. We have only to develop and expand the work.

The first objective then, is to perfect ourselves spiritually, carve out in ourselves the image of Christ, so that we can do our share of Catholic Action, and that means unending practice. The statesman's finesse can be obtained only through countless parliamentary debates, the lawyer's through innumerable trials, the surgeon's unerring touch through hundreds of delicate operations; the musician practices untold hours every day for years; the golfer practices every phase of his game until he plays with machine precision.

We have a big advantage. We can practice 24 hours a day. Everything we do all day long can be an opportunity. From the minute the old alarm clock goes off in the morning until we fall asleep at night we can keep right on beating down our tendencies toward the things of the world.

We may not have nearly as much time as we would like for prayer and spiritual reading and the more obvi-



ously religious activities. Maybe the duties of raising a family and earning a living don't leave much time. But raising a family is the ideal, natural, God-given opportunity for loving self-sacrifice. We should consider the duties and responsibilities of family life as the means which God has provided to help us and to guide us in our spiritual advancement.

With a wife and children to take care of, we have thrust into our hands the first tool of the spiritual life, unselfishness or humility. Natural love for our families makes us think of their welfare and gives us the second tool, love for others, or charity. We might say that with the hammer of humility and the chisel of charity we carve out in ourselves the likeness of Christ. If we can disregard our own comfort and develop an increasing interest in others, we have made a good beginning.

If we can make this love for others go beyond the limits of our families and friends until it takes in the whole world, we begin to have a glimmering of the attitude of the saints toward the world around them. They had developed such a grip on their passions and weaknesses that they could shower their love and efforts on others. They had learned the profound meaning of our Lord's words, "He who loses his life for My sake shall find it"; in losing their lives for others, they found the peace that only saints can know.

We have to use exactly the same method. We must aim to do the will of God in all things. That is the secret

of the saints. They became saints not just because they prayed all the time but because they accepted cheerfully, thankfully, whatever trials life brought them. They deliberately went out of their way to do the unpleasant, menial chores themselves because our Lord said, "I came not to be ministered unto but to minister."

Mass, Communion, prayer, spiritual reading I do not emphasize, because we have heard about them all our lives and still don't use them enough. The doctors tell us what's wrong but we won't take the medicine. I want to persuade you to take the medicine.

Aside from Mass and Communion, I don't think it is important which spiritual weapons you choose. It is how you use them. Spending a half hour reciting the Divine Office, or reading the New Testament or some spiritual book, or saying the Rosary does not determine the level of your spiritual life. Maybe you should instead be drying the dishes for your wife. I know it would be a lot easier to sit down and read the New Testament for a half hour after supper than to put all the kids to bed; but the duties of one's state in life come first. That is the way we can become saints: by sacrificing our own interests, by subjecting our own will to the will of God.

Many a saint never had time to read St. Thomas Aquinas, and yet I'm sure he sang the praises of God by keeping his mind fixed on heavenly things as he went about humble duties. We should find time for the praise of God in spite of the demands of our family

and job. By eliminating a lot of the worldly rubbish from our lives, we can find a surprising amount of time for the things of God.

One phase of spiritual life that is badly misunderstood is meditation. When so much emphasis is put on action, tangible results measured in dollars, percentages, or some unit, we attach great importance to mere busyness, scurrying around doing something. We tend to think that a man quietly doing nothing, not even reading, is obviously wasting his time.

By meditation I do not mean day-dreaming nor do I mean the ecstatic vision of a mystic. I mean just plain hard thinking about a subject. It is the same process whether used by a businessman in figuring out how to increase his profits or by a saint in trying to draw closer to God. The only difference is in subject matter. Both start with the information they have, try to gather more, and revolve the pieces in their minds until they begin to fall in place.

People today shy away from meditation as unimportant or too advanced for them, because "you have to become holy before you can meditate." As a matter of fact we all do it when we have a particularly serious problem on our minds. We find ourselves thinking about it at any and all times. A young couple in love is a typical example, each lost in thoughts of the other. The saints were similarly engrossed in thoughts of God.

There is no other way to develop a conviction so strong that it forces its

possessor to prove its validity. Plenty of people thought the world was round in Columbus' time, but he alone thought about it so much that he had to prove it. Plenty of people in the 13th century thought the Church was tainted by the luxurious life of the nobility, but St. Francis of Assisi alone after long meditation set out to demonstrate the power of a life of simplicity and poverty. Plenty of people in our century have thought the only solution to the crisis of our age is restoration of all things in Christ, but it was Canon Cardijn who, after long meditation in prison, resolved to prove that it could be done.

I don't think it is just coincidence that so many leaders, both good and bad, spent part of their lives in prison. St. Peter and St. Paul, Joseph Stalin, Adolf Hitler, and Canon Cardijn, were forced to spend long months in solitary meditation. They returned to the world with deep and abiding convictions based either on hate or love, upon which they acted to the disaster or glory of the world.

I am not recommending that anyone go out and rob a bank so that he will be thrown into the clink for a couple of years in order to have sufficient time to meditate and become a tower of strength for Catholic Action. But I do say that unless you meditate, keep almost constantly before your mind's eye the glory of God, the life of Christ, the goal of spiritual perfection, the many aspects of the program Catholics must carry out, you will progress slowly in the spiritual life.

Along with the dominant motive of spiritual perfection and endless practice with the tools of the spiritual art, perseverance is necessary. It is the big question mark.

After the Ascension the Apostles gathered in an upper room, wracked by fear and doubt. Their Leader was gone. They did not know what their next move should be. But Scripture says, "They persevered in prayer." They prepared themselves with blind faith so that they would be ready when the time came. And at the end of that first novena, God sent the Holy Spirit upon them. Because they trusted

in our Lord and carried out His will, they were equal to the superhuman task imposed upon them.

So it will be with us. We know in general what our work is to be, from the teachings of Christ, from the repeated statements of the recent popes. Our job is day by day, every day, to direct our minds and hearts to the things of God. To carve out in ourselves a likeness that more and more resembles Christ, so that "I live now, not I, but Christ lives in me." And then in God's own time, and in His own way, He will assign a task to each of us.



## SLIPS

### *In the Present*

ONE day as soon as litany was over I proceeded to get my books out for class while Sister began calling the roll. When my name was called, I answered sort of absent-mindedly. To my amazement, the girls burst out laughing and as I looked at Sister she was smiling.

I found out later that instead of saying "present," I had said, "Pray for us."

Enes C. Affonso.

### *Into the Past*

IT was the day of our eldest son's First Communion. The children, resplendent in white, were passing us in long procession. Half way down the line a Sister was walking with the children.

My husband attended Catholic school for eight years, and had served at the altar. Since that little Catholic school he has attended high school and five years of college, also worked for ten years. You might say, "It's been a long, long time." But now, he was standing on the outside of the pew next to the passing First Communicants.

I am a convert. As I watched the children I glanced at my husband. His mind was reaching back through the years, I was sure. The next moment proved how right I was for as the Sister passed next to him she stopped and clapped her hands for the children to genuflect before the altar. As if he had been shot, my husband dropped to one knee.

Mildred Le Boeuf.

*Immortality is of the spirit*

# Mozart's REQUIEM

Condensed from

*L'Osservatore Romano*\*

IN SEPTEMBER, 1791, after finishing his opera *Titus*, Mozart felt a strong compulsion to write a religious work. And what should then happen but that a mysterious stranger handed him an anonymous letter containing a request that he compose a *Requiem Mass*. Mozart happily acceded; he received 100 ducats on account and went immediately to work.

But the task wearied him. He had fainting spells, violent headaches beset him, and he suffered from melancholy delusions. He told his wife he was writing the *Requiem* for himself, for he would die soon. All of this, however, did not keep him from working furiously, so desperate was he to finish. He refused to stop working even when he became so weak that he had to stay in bed. His wife and his faithful disciple, Sussmayr, helped him to put on paper the fragments he composed.

The day before his death Mozart wrote his most poignant phrase, the moving *Lacrimosa*. Accompanied by his favorite pupil, the master sang it in a failing voice. He burst into tears,

for he knew that he would never finish the composition.

He tried explaining to Sussmayr in minute detail his plan of composition. He poured out clear counsel and exact advice for completion of the work, in a steady but slowly diminishing stream. He talked until completely exhausted. That night, at 1 o'clock, he died.

The story of Mozart's *Requiem* did not end with his death. On the contrary, when the mysterious person who had requested the Mass reappeared he was handed the completed work, written in the familiar hand of the great Mozart.

The mystery surrounding the request was dispelled when it became known that it came from a certain Count Walsegg, a dilettante in music who wished to pass for a great composer among his friends. He would seek out prominent artists and commission them to compose works which he would then have played or sung as his own by his private orchestra and choir.

Further details came out many years later when Sussmayr, in 1800, sent an open letter to the German *Musikzeitung*. He then asserted that only the first *Adagio* (the *Requiem*) and *Allegro* (the *Kyrie*) were entirely the work of Mozart. Eight other parts (I-IX), from the *Dies Irae* to the *Sanctus*, existed only in the form of rough drafts, and the last three parts (the *Sanctus*, *Benedictus* and *Agnus Dei*) were from the pen of Sussmayr, without Mozart

\*Vatican City. As reprinted in *Digeste Catholique*, 138 Avenue des Alliés, Louvain, Belgium. February, 1948.

contributing a single note. This assertion, which Mozart's widow wholly confirmed, began a controversy that raged for decades.

Debate over the fact of Sussmayr's collaboration has long since ceased. But the fact poses a question: who was Francis Xavier Sussmayr, Mozart's mysterious collaborator, who knew how to work this miracle of lifting and maintaining himself at the height of inspiration of a Mozart, and of inserting himself in the intimate thought of the master to the point where he could finish a work that was only three parts along, and which is numbered among the best Mozart ever wrote?

According to Seyfried, Sussmayr was on this occasion but a counterfeiter of his highly gifted master. He imitated not only his style but his handwriting as well, so that much of the *Requiem Mass* which Count Wal-segg once held in his hand could pass for many years as the authentic work

of his dead master. How was it possible for a mediocre composer to acquit himself of a task demanding the inspiration and power of execution of a Mozart? Psychologists familiar with the creative powers of genius could perhaps answer this question. The *Requiem Mass* is a striking example, perhaps unique, of the superior, quasi-supernatural suggestive powers of genius. Constant collaboration with Mozart, long hours spent at his bedside, the positive genius for invention and creation of a dying man who found himself each day more desperately driven in his work; the counsel and advice, explanation and directions given by the man—dying, but whose soul till the end labored the birth of creative ideas—all these seem to have been transferred to Sussmayr, in a transfusion of genius which enabled him to continue and complete a work in the spirit and greatness of Mozart himself. As far as is known, Sussmayr never wrote anything else worth while.



### *Kid Stuff*

A LITTLE girl had been carefully trained always to say, "No, thank you; I don't need it," whenever strangers would offer her nickels, dimes, candy bars, and the like.

Before returning from the Catholic University, Father Arthur Lemire, Crookston, called on friends with whom this little girl was visiting. At the close of a friendly chat, Father offered to give his priestly blessing to the little tot.

Much to his surprise, she replied, "No thank you; I don't need it."

*Camillus* quoted in *Information* (May '48).



*It's up to you*

# Don't Get Killed At Home

By MARIE MAIN and TIM FOX

Condensed from the  
*Catholic Home Journal\**



**L**AST YEAR the U. S. accidental-death toll reached approximately 100,000. Injuries numbered ten million, including 380,000 which resulted in some permanent impairment ranging from a partial loss of the use of a finger to blindness and complete crippling. And that ten million does not include first aid or minor injury cases.

The death total of 100,000 was 2% above the preceding year. Accidents were the fourth most important cause of death. The three causes ranking above accidents as our nation's biggest killers are heart disease, cancer, and cerebral hemorrhage.

Behold how safe you are at home. Last year's motor-vehicle accidents numbered 1,100,000; public non-motor-vehicle accidents were 2,300,000, while home accidents numbered 5 million. And it costs a pretty penny, too, to slip on a rug and break a bone. Accident costs in 1947 amounted to \$6,700,000,000. But that included a wage loss of \$2,650,000,000. Deaths of civilians in home accidents in 1947 totaled 33,500, 3% more than in 1946.

As in other years, falls caused about half the deaths in homes. Fatal burns

were one-sixth of the total. All other types of home accidents were responsible for only one-third of the deaths. More than half of the persons killed were 65 or older. About a fifth were children under 15.

Accidents don't just happen. They are caused. The three major causes are men, women and children.

A two-year-old stuck a knife into a light socket recently. He wasn't electrocuted, fortunately, but he was severely cut when the shock threw him against the sharp edge of the knife. His mother remarked later at the hospital, "Well, accidents will happen!" It didn't occur to her that the accident was due to someone's carelessness or ignorance of accident-producing hazards.

Falls top the accident list. Toys left on the stairway, a cake of soap left in the bathtub or the floor of the shower, lightweight scatter rugs, run-down heels on shoes, wobbly step ladders and poorly balanced chairs used as substitutes for ladders, are just a few of the hazards that account for the more than 15,700 deaths by falls each year.

Burns, scalds and explosions in the

\*220 37th St., Pittsburgh, 1, Pa. May, 1948.

home take a yearly toll of 5,000 lives. Poisons, other than gas, firearms, suffocation (chiefly smothering by bed clothes), and poisonous gas all rank high as accident producers.

Here are a few Do's and Don'ts recommended by the Accident Prevention Service of the American Red Cross.

1. Keep all stairways well lighted, especially the top and bottom steps.
2. Keep all stairs and landings free from toys, mops, brooms, cakes of soap and other objects.
3. Do not have scatter rugs at the top or the bottom of a stairway.
4. Repair broken boards or tile as soon as possible.
5. Use nonskid materials or mats to anchor scatter rugs.
6. Keep footstools out of the main line of traffic.
7. Mend frayed rug edges or any torn place in which a person might catch a toe or heel.
8. Teach the family to pick up toys, books, clothing.
9. Keep screens on windows securely fastened and in good repair.
10. See that ladders are well balanced and placed so that they cannot slip.
11. If no stepladder is available, stand on a solid chair, well braced and on an even floor.
12. Do not pile boxes up like blocks and then attempt to climb them to reach high shelves or to wash walls.
13. Keep the spout of a teakettle turned away from you.
14. When pouring hot liquid, direct the spout away from yourself or another person and never pass hot liquid across another person's body.

15. Watch out for small children, especially, when carrying hot liquids.
15. Fasten cover securely before trying to drain liquid from a pan or kettle.
16. Raise lid at the back to let out steam. Be sure your head is well back when uncovering scalding liquids.
17. Be sure food is dry before placing it in deep fat.
18. If grease catches fire, smother it by placing a lid over the flame, or if extensive, put a rug over it. Do not use water.
19. Discarded razor blades, sharp-edged cans and broken glass should be wrapped before being placed in the trash container.
20. Exercise extreme care when smoking. Do not go into a closet with a lighted cigarette in hand. Use an ash tray, not the waste basket, for ashes. Check all ash trays before going to bed or before leaving the house.

Check all your home activities and habits carefully. Your home is the one place that you and you alone can be absolutely sure is really safe. Finally, Mrs. Homemaker, take it easy—"make haste slowly." The work will get done anyway, and you will avoid the mishaps that occur when you're tired or upset. Set aside a certain period for a short rest, and really rest—lie down and relax. Careful planning will help you to get through the day without getting fagged out. A house is only as safe as the people who live there make it. Remember, accidents don't just happen.



**A** CYNIC is one who, when he smells flowers, looks around for the coffin.

H. L. Mencken quoted by Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C., in the *Ave Maria*.

The sun shines now here, now there, and now the sun of grace shines on Africa.—POPE PIUS XI.

## Sun Over Africa

By PETER O. L'HEUREUX, W.F.

Condensed from the *Shield*\*



ONLY a few months ago Catholic newspapers in the U. S. featured stories about a record number of Baptisms in Central Africa. The White Fathers reported more than 200,000 in one year, with half a million more Africans in preparation in the areas where their missionary society is at work. In all the history of the propagation of the Catholic faith throughout the world in modern times, few achievements are comparable.

Various reasons can be offered to explain the rapid growth of the faith in Central Africa. It is truly a mystery of the secret operations of God's all-powerful grace. But it is not denying the operation of divine grace to seek also for human explanations; in fact, supernatural grace operates normally through human agencies.

The White Fathers look back to the foundation of their society in 1868 by Cardinal Archbishop Lavigerie of Algiers. There was a large Catholic community there when the Cardinal was assigned to the city, but he was not content to work only among Catholics. He knew that the city was surrounded by a Mohammedan population, and, determined to make a serious effort to penetrate the solid wall of Moslem op-

position to Christianity, he established the Society of the Missionaries of Africa, commonly known as the White Fathers. Cardinal Lavigerie dressed the new missionaries in the white robe which was worn by Arab teachers, and he gave them as headgear the Algerian red *chechia*, which has some resemblance to the Moroccan fez and gives to the White Fathers the appearance of Moslem marabouts. The resemblance is completed by the large rosary of black and white beads which every White Father wears around his neck in the manner in which a marabout wears a string of beads representing the Mohammedan conception of God's "99 perfections."

Though founded to work among the Mohammedans, the White Fathers soon expanded into other parts of Africa, particularly after 1878, when Stanley conducted his famous expedition into the eastern and central sections. The first venture into Central Africa cost the White Fathers dearly in lives. But those tragedies only increased the zeal of the pioneers who were preparing at Algiers for the missions of the "Great Lakes" region. By 1892, the year of Cardinal Lavigerie's death, the White Fathers had estab-

\*Crusade Castle, Sbatuc Ave., Cincinnati, 26, Ohio. May, 1948.

lished 12 major missionary stations stretching from the Nile in the North to the Zambezi in the South. Ten years later the Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith entrusted to the White Fathers six immense missionary dioceses in Central Africa, which already had a baptized population of 80,000 Catholics.

The Central African missionaries found their task easier than those who worked in the North. Whereas the Mohammedans had a religion, the Central African natives lacked a true form of worship but, like all men everywhere, experienced the need for some kind of religion. Moreover, the natives of Central and Eastern Africa believed in a Supreme Being, even before the coming of the first white man. Early explorers as well as the first missionaries in Africa noted the fact.

When Bishop Roelens, who died recently at 89, first went to Central Africa, he asked some of the natives why they offered sacrifices to the spirits before little statues of their ancestors. "Do you adore these statues?" asked the bishop. "No," was the reply, "we are sacrificing to God who is the Creator of everything, but we do not know where He is." It is a fact that all 350 native languages of Central and Eastern Africa have one or more words, dating back to time immemorial, for the name of God.

Another reason which prepared the Africans for a ready acceptance of Catholic teaching was that they had generally a rather high code of morality. The mass of the population, al-

though believers in frightful superstitions, followed a rigid moral code which, if it did not lead them to do right things for fear of God, at least gave them the habit of doing right. In some parts of Africa for instance, when a thief was apprehended, he was immediately punished by the application of native beer to his body and the sprinkling over him of snow-white corn flower. Thereafter all of the villagers would gather around the "white black man" and jeer. Subsequently, after trial, he was likely to be punished with the amputation of a finger or hand, according to the gravity of his offense.

Finally, the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians. Central Africa was the place where, in 1888, the 22 Blessed Martyrs of Uganda gave their lives. The missionaries believe, too, that sacrifice of the many young lives of the White Fathers at the dawn of the missions has brought subsequent blessings upon the people.

On any Sunday or feast day, the African jungle seems to empty itself of its people. On the narrow paths that wind down the mountain slopes through jungles and swamps, across mountain torrents and wide muddy rivers, and through fields of tall, swaying, green corn or patches of sweet potatoes, the people come in long lines, from distances of three to ten miles, all converging on the mission church for Mass. The men and women, boys and girls, walk in separate groups. All are barefoot the year around. All have their heads neatly shaved or their hair

close-cropped, regardless of age or sex. The mothers proudly carry their latest-born babes, strapped to their backs, youngest churchgoers in the world.

Confessions are heard Sunday mornings before Mass. In the larger missions, confessions are heard practically every day. Most of the Catholics who come to a mission church on Sunday will arrive in time for confession, will receive Holy Communion and, after the late Mass, will return to their distant villages, to eat their first meal of the day late in the afternoon.

In one large mission, staffed exclusively by native clergy in the Belgian Congo, the writer helped three native priests distribute Communion for three-quarters of an hour. This was to care for the communicants at just one Mass; there were three other Masses—and it was just an ordinary Sunday.

The story of the huge ciborium used for reposing the Blessed Sacrament in Central African churches has been told around the world. Formerly, at the mission of Kabgayi, the priest who celebrated Sunday Mass would find six or seven ciborium and a basket, covered with a corporal, filled to the brim with hosts to be consecrated. Then devout friends in Belgium had three special ciborium made for Kabgayi and other mission churches. Each is 13 inches in diameter and 12 inches deep, with a capacity of 16,000 altar breads. At Kabgayi, every Saturday and on the eve of every feast day, one of the ciborium is filled to the top and all those thousands of altar breads are consecrated by the priest. Smaller

ciborium are then filled from this one, so that as many as six priests can distribute Communion at one time at two communion railings, one in front of the altar and the other in the back of the church.

There are no pews in the mission churches. The people sit on the floor, the men on one side, the women on the other. The entire congregation sings the *Kyrie, Gloria, Credo*, and the other Ordinary parts of the Mass, as well as the responses. Latin liturgical music is learned while the people are preparing for Baptism. The men and women alternate in singing, in good liturgical choral style. The Africans love music and generally have good voices, and it is most impressive to hear a congregation, which may number 1,000 or more, really singing.

In the African Great Lakes region, all the Catholics who live within a radius of three or four miles of the church are considered bound in conscience to attend Sunday Mass. But large numbers of others, who live much farther away and consequently are not bound to attend Mass, come nevertheless. Before big feast days, such as Christmas and Easter, it is common for the Christians to walk two or three days to church. They come in village groups, singing carols or suitable hymns. Christmas is the rainy season, and the people are often drenched on the way, but they come singing gaily just the same. At Easter-time, the crops are almost ripe and require constant watching against the ravages of hordes of monkeys, but the



people risk their crops to attend Easter services. They bring food in baskets.

There are no "rice Christians" among the Catholic Africans. No prospect of material gain urges the natives to the missions. No missionary society, even were it rich—and no mission society is—could afford to attract and increase the fold by such an unwise method. It is the living faith in the hearts of these sincere people which accounts for their coming to the missions and for their devotedness to the Mass and the sacraments.

The really great wonder of the Central African missions is the flourishing growth of the African Sisterhoods, Brotherhoods, and the African priests. This is truly a marvel of God's grace when it is remembered that only 60 years ago the most devilish witchcraft and even cannibalism were rampant. When the White Sisters arrived in Equatorial Africa, shortly after the White Fathers, the missionaries pointed them out to the old chiefs and told them that some day some of their own girls would become nuns just like the White Sisters. The chiefs denied this most emphatically. They granted that the native women could possibly, in time, all become Catholic, but they said that it would be impossible for even one of them to become a nun because all African women have one overwhelming desire, to be mothers. Yet today in this region there are more than 700 African nuns, belonging to various tribes, who are living happy and saintly lives and doing excellent work among their own people.

In the Central African mission territories of the White Fathers, there are more than 175 African Brothers and 244 African priests, while one African member of the White Fathers' congregation, Bishop Joseph Kiwuka, of Masaka in Uganda, heads a mission diocese staffed exclusively by native priests, numbering 50. The White Fathers conduct 23 regional seminaries, with more than 1,500 young men, all Africans, training for the priesthood.

The steady growth of the Church may partly be explained by the intense four years of preparation exacted of converts by the White Fathers. Missionaries must also maintain the neophytes in their fervor and keep them from falling back into pagan practices. This requires frequent visiting of outposts and villages. In this work the missionaries are aided greatly by more than 11,000 catechists.

Serious obstacles still harass the missionaries. In those flourishing mission regions 20 million are still outside the Catholic fold; among them the influences of paganism are rampant. Another obstacle is the presence of many sects, including the Jehovah's Witnesses, whose teachings tend only to bewilder the Africans. The literature of the Jehovah's Witnesses is printed in native dialects in the U.S. and distributed from centers in Africa.

Yet despite all the difficulties, and insufficient number of missionaries, the progress of the faith goes on. In the ten years between 1920 and 1930, the Catholic population in the White

Fathers' missions doubled. It is actually increasing now at the rate of 200,000 a year. This, in an area which now numbers only 2 million baptized Catholics, is a tremendously high rate of increase. If the present increase continues, the White Fathers would need 400 new missionaries every year, whereas they are getting slightly fewer than 150. It would be a terrible thing to say that there are too many conversions in Africa, but in a sense it is true. Entire districts and tribes are asking for priests, and the African bishops cannot meet the demands. The mis-

sionaries on the field are beset with killing work.

A great bloodless war is being waged in Africa today. The missionaries are Christ's legions, battling for the salvation of the African people. Among all the warfares that have been and could be waged in our time, surely there is none nobler and worthier. Christ's missionary armies will not fail to win their present battles and to spread His kingdom throughout Africa if the urgently needed reinforcements in personnel and material aid are sent in time from the home front.

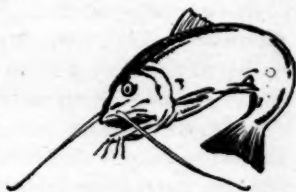
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*Cats-as-catch-can*

## *A-Noodlin' and A-Giggin' for Fish*

By BRADY GIBBS

Condensed from *Ford Times*\*



**T**OM MITCHELL of Butterfield, Mo., took a deep breath and dived into the White river. In his hand he held a short barbed hook or spear, and behind him a stout line trailed out to where Ira Mathews, dressed in shorts, sat on the bank.

Tom swam deeper and then disappeared under a submerged rock ledge. There in the semidarkness, he frog-kicked his way along the wall and

sides of the underwater cave, feeling ahead with his free hand. When he came to the black entrance of a small subcavern he swam in and continued to feel along the ceiling. He kicked to a halt when his hand passed over the stomach of the biggest catfish he had ever felt.

He jabbed his hand hook through the monster's side, setting it between ribs that were almost as big as broom-

\*3000 Schafer Road, Dearborn, Mich. April, 1948.

sticks, and started to swim back to the surface. But he wasn't quick enough, and that big cat proceeded to give him the worst mauling he ever took. The fish turned and thrashed, trying to tear the hook out of its side. Its movements slammed Tom against the sharp rocks again and again. After what seemed hours, Tom struggled out of the cavern and kicked his way to the surface, bleeding from many cuts and scratches.

They couldn't get the fish out until the next day, and then only after Tom had dived down to kill and clean him under water. Their cat weighed 100 pounds, was nearly six feet long, and dressed out 50 pounds of firm, juicy steaks.

Tom and Ira were "noodling," an almost forgotten method of taking catfish, which is employed here and there about the Ozarks and in some of the other southern states, where the new game laws don't forbid it. Noodling, along with "gigging," the Ozark night sport which is the counterpart of northern spear-fishing, have through the years brought vast quantities of catfish to hill-country tables.

Noodling, sometimes called "grabbing," is the art of feeling with the bare hand under ledges and holes along a river bank to locate lazing catfish. The noodler's touch is so delicate that he can run his hand under the entire length of a catfish without causing it to dart away. Some say that the light-fingered noodler actually mesmerizes the fish.

As a rule a noodler will grab smaller

fish through the gills with his fingers. But from about 10 pounds on up they use the hand hook or short barbed spear, because at that size the fish can bite and injure a hand.

They work as a team, Tom in the water and Ira on the bank holding the line. When he is under water, Tom can frequently locate fish at a distance, from the sound they make by bumping their heads against the rocks, a nervous habit of resting cats.

Tom and Ira have become so accomplished that they are almost certain to bring back food every time they go out. Many's the time Tom has noodled a 45-pound mess in 15 minutes. But the big ones are what Tom is after because they produce the best steaks.

The biggest cat Tom ever heard of being caught in the White river weighed 125 pounds, although there are legends of giant blue cats several times that size. Some think that the celebrated White river Monster, which until recent years was a newspaper perennial, is actually nothing more than one of these super catfish.

The noodler isn't worried about snakes, gar's, or big crawdads. Those things scamper out of the way fast. His main worry is snapping turtles, which grow large enough to chomp off a finger. Once Tom had a close shave when he met a 35-pound snapper, its shell almost as big as a washtub. He got a broomstick for the turtle to gnaw on while he brought it to shore. When he got there the turtle had chewed it in two.

In gigging, the weapon is a three-

lined gig or spear with six-inch barbed prongs. Joe Means, of Rogers, Ark., makes his gigs out of truck rear-spring leaves to withstand blows against submerged rocks. The gig is about five inches wide. To this is attached a handle, sometimes 18 feet long. Means can stand on the end of his skiff and stab a cat with this in water 12 feet deep or more. The gig is seldom, if ever, thrown like a spear.

The gigger always eases the head of the gig into the water before making his jab—if he splashed it the fish would be frightened away. Also in aiming, the gigger must learn to overcome refraction, that trick of light rays that makes a pencil seem bent when you stick it in the water. He does this by aiming his thrust just under the fish.

If the cat is a big one the gigger is doubly careful to sink his gig in the preferred spot, just behind the head, with a powerful jab. This method paralyzes the fish and he is brought in with little or no struggle. If the gig is sunk too far back the fish has more leverage and may wrench free. When this happens the cat can put up a terrific fight. Means has a friend who lost a nice gig when he jabbed it too far back in a "cat long as a man."

A square-end skiff or johnboat is used for giggering, with one man rowing or paddling slowly and the gigger standing on the bow. One or two mantle-type gasoline lanterns provide the light, shielded so that the rays are directed into the water. When the river is clear the lanterns penetrate 10 feet or more of water, and a sleeping catfish looms as a well-defined dark hulk. But Means thinks the best giggering light is the kind the old-timers used—a metal basket filled with flaming pine knots. It was attached to the front of the boat by metal rods and gave a peculiar quality of light that illuminated the bottom and a wide area of surrounding water.

The biggest cat Means ever giggered was a 38-pounder, three feet, six inches long. The biggest he ever heard of anybody giggering was a 65-pounder.

Whether they gig, noodle, or take them off a trotline, however, Ozarkians are agreed that there is no better way to eat catfish than rolled in flour or meal and fried in deep fat. Even flatlanders accustomed to turning up their noses at the mere mention of catfish are converted when they bite into the white, flaky meat of a big catfish steak.



**B**EFORE Lent this year, Cardinal McGuigan of Toronto issued a letter requesting all Catholics to give up alcoholic beverages, at least during Lent. His letter was given wide publicity in the daily press. Shortly afterwards, the Ontario government took steps to conserve water because of a shortage, and the restriction was, by merest coincidence, lifted at the end of Lent. Coincidence or not, in Ontario soft drinks became known as McGuigan cocktails.

Frank Oliver Jones.

"B" movie, "A" hero

# The Priest of "Open City"

By BARBARA BARCLAY CARTER

Condensed from the London *Tablet*\*

A BRITISH intelligence officer, who was in Italy from 1943 to 1946, and has an exceptional knowledge of Italian affairs, was commenting on the Italian film *Open City*. It was moving and admirable, he said, but its atmosphere of authenticity must surely be marred by introducing the execution of a priest. Since people would have heard of a priest being executed in Rome, he thought the incident was obviously mere invention. He was wrong. Three priests perished in Rome when the Germans were there, two in the Ardeatine massacre. Nowhere is *Open City* more factual in outline (there is of course some imagined embroidery) than in its picture of the third, Don Morosini, who was shot by a firing squad a few days later, on Easter Monday, April 3, 1944. That his sacrifice should have been thus ignored, so that even an expert on wartime Italy knew nothing of it, makes it a matter of justice to recall his story.

He was just 30 when he died. Those who knew him speak of him as a man of radiant goodness, trustful, ingenuous, joyous. A priest of the Congregation of Missions, he was also a gifted musician and composer. In 1941 he went as army chaplain to an artillery

regiment in Dalmatia, where his activities on behalf of "his boys" included conducting the regimental band. Recalled to Rome, he spent himself in missions to remote villages in the Abruzzi, which called for the endurance and qualities of a mountaineer. After the first bombing of Rome, on July 19, 1943, he was summoned to take charge of 150 small boys from the devastated area. To them he devoted himself with the expansive charity that was his characteristic. Children, it was said, "were his world," a fact brought out in the film.

His military experience had brought him into direct contact with Nazi Germans, revealing to him the radical evil of the system for which they stood. After the signing of the Italian armistice, to him, as to so many others, assistance to the Allied cause appeared a duty, no matter what its cost. On Sept. 12, when a handful of soldiers, helped by Roman civilians, sought desperately to delay the German advance, Don Morosini was with them, on the barricades. Soon after, he made contact with a band of partisans on Monte Mario.

At first he was simply chaplain. Once a week he said Mass, in secret

\*128 Sloane St., S.W. 1, London, England. April 10, 1948.



hiding places, but soon he was making it his business to supply them with clothing, food, and arms. Knowing the penalties for storing arms, he kept them in his own house. He became an active agent in the vast network linking patriot organizations. From an Austrian deserter he obtained a plan of the German positions on the Cassino front (this incident, too, appears in the film) and saw that it was communicated, by secret transmitter, to the Allied Command. He felt it an essential part of his apostolic work to bring back faith to thousands of young men from the disbanded army, demoralized and disoriented by defeat—faith not only religious, but civic, in an immediate task and in their country's future, drawing them into the ever-increasing patriot bands of which he was chaplain. Speaking fearlessly to all who seemed in need of encouragement and counsel, he thus fell into the hands of one who betrayed him for the Gestapo's reward, 70,000 lire.

Arrested on Jan. 4, 1944, he was dragged from one examination center to another, and interrogated ceaselessly, day and night, for nearly two months. The Gestapo and fascist militia had their regular torture chambers; there seems some uncertainty whether Don Morosini himself was physically tortured, but torture was always imminent, and certainly 3rd-degree methods were carried to their limit, without drawing from him a single name. Once he was asked what he would do if he were set free. He replied, "I

would continue doing what I have been doing till now."

In the Regina Coeli prison, where he was placed in one of the worst of the "secret" cells, he was not allowed to say Mass, but every evening he intoned the Rosary, in a tranquil, ringing voice that could be heard in the courtyard and in the other cells, so that soon voices from the whole prison were raised in the responses. A fellow prisoner who survived has described the profound impression made by that nightly Rosary, and by the pervading presence of the personality of one who, "a priest of God, knew no rancor. After the 5th Glorious Mystery he told us, in the same tone: 'Let us pray for those who are making us suffer, *Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison.*'"

And in the meantime, he had turned again to music, composing a *Fantaisie Campestre*, dedicated to his friend Lieutenant Bucchi, who, arrested with him, was to die in the Ardeatine caves—a symphonic poem in which sunlight and wind and water blend in a hymn to the glory of God.

His death was a foregone conclusion and his trial merely a formality, in which he denied nothing of his patriotic activity. His execution was fixed for 6 A.M. on March 20, but the news was carried to the Vatican, and the Holy Father himself, in the middle of the night, summoned the German ambassador and urged a reprieve so vehemently that the execution was postponed till instructions should come from Berlin. Hitler's reply was a blank refusal.

At 4 A.M. on April 3, Easter Monday, Don Morosini was awakened by the prison chaplain, Monsignor Bonaldi. After a moment of surprise, the young priest said, "I understand," and to the chaplain's incoherent exhortations to courage, he replied, "Monsignor, one needs more courage to live than to die." With some difficulty, permission was obtained for him to say his last Mass. The Bishop, Monsignor Traglia, vicar general of Rome, who came to give personal assistance to "his priest," said later that "he celebrated like a saint." At the prison gate, in the cold dawn, awaiting the lorry that was to take him to the place of execution, he tranquilly made his thanksgiving. As the lorry started, the bishop began recitation of the Sorrowful Mysteries of the Rosary. Don Morosini made the responses without a tremor, and when the bishop announced the 4th, "The condemnation to death: our Lord Jesus Christ carries His cross to Calvary," he turned to Monsignor Bonaldi and smiled.

The execution took place just as the film shows. The Germans ordered that it should be carried out by Italians, from that remnant of the army that Mussolini had been able to bring back under his obedience. Bound to a chair, Don Morosini asked the bishop to thank the Holy Father for his intercession and to tell him that he was offering his life for his intention. His last words were the words from the

cross, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." The shots from the volley left him unharmed. Deliberately, every man had fired wide. He was given the sacrament of Extreme Unction, after the German officer who commanded the proceedings forced the wretched Italian subaltern to give the *coup de grâce*.

Ten days before, in the Ardeatine caves, the bodies, broken by prolonged torture, of some of the noblest figures of the Italian army had been deliberately engulfed in the collective anonymity of mass execution. In the same desire to obliterate memory, Don Morosini's body was buried in a nameless grave. It was transferred to its due place, among the Roman clergy, after the Liberation, when his name became a banner for many Christian-Democratic brigades of the Resistance army.

The Italian authorities awarded him posthumously the military gold medal (the highest decoration of the Italian army), with a citation that speaks of his "ardent apostolate among disbanded soldiers" of his "delicate, secret missions including the acquisition and custody of arms," of his refusal "in the course of prolonged and exhausting interrogations to reveal the secrets of the resistance," and describes him in epitaph as "the luminous figure of a soldier of Christ and of his native land."

The court trial of the man who betrayed him has now opened.





*Silence can be eloquence*

## Talking About the Negro

By DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

Condensed from the *Queen's Work*\*

I SUGGEST that the worst possible way to solve the Negro "problem" is to do a lot of talking about it. The defenders of Negroes grow furious at the stupidity of detractors; the detractors grow furious at the bad taste and indiscretion of the defenders. Everybody throws rocks which hit the most innocent bystander, the Negro himself.

I really came to know Negroes a long time ago. My good friend Father Bill Markoe invited me to help with a show St. Elizabeth's parish in St. Louis was rehearsing. The acts were excellent, and the show needed only threading together.

After the second rehearsal, as I watched the marvelous cast start home, I said to Father Markoe, "Do you know, when I was working with them tonight, it suddenly dawned on me that I hadn't once thought of them as Negroes. They were just darn good singers and dancers and mighty nice people."

Father Markoe grinned and patted me on the shoulder. "Boy," he said, with something like affection in his voice, "you've arrived."

I thought about that on my way home. And later I lay awake thinking

more. In retrospect I patched together my precious experiences with the colored. I had met them as most whites do, solely as menials. They had served my meals in restaurants and blacked my shoes and carried my bags on Pullmans. I had seen them on streetcars heading off for the only sort of jobs they were allowed to take, jobs in ditches, on construction gangs, in cellars and kitchens. I had watched colored comedians, their mouths painted in exaggerated caricature of laughter, slaphappy of foot, "yea-man"-ing it all. But I had never been close enough to see what a Negro really looked like or to come to know something about his personal life.

Some weeks after the close of our triumphant show (does a Negro ever turn in a poor stage performance?) I was invited to lecture to a colored club. I went willingly enough, and came away staggering. I had met lawyers and their wives, doctors and their wives, the Episcopal minister with his daughter home after her junior year at Wellesley college. (She was living in a campus dormitory. I thought of Catholic colleges that would have been appalled had she asked to enter even as a day student.) I met

\*3115 S. Grand Blvd., St. Louis, 18, Mo. May, 1948.

bankers and insurance men, the professor of English in the local normal school, teachers, government employees, the rank and file of good, sound, middle-class humanity, the kind of people I had always known among whites, my own kind, people I have since come to recognize (white or colored) as the rock foundation of our civilization.

They had listened with sympathetic understanding and asked the most intelligent questions ever put to me by an audience. Then I was invited to dinner. I went. None of your cabins; none of your Catfish row. It was a house very like my mother's: beautifully clean and carefully furnished. It was one of a long avenue of similar houses in the colored residential district, a part of town that whites hardly know exists. The dinner was correctly served. The conversation was cultured, interesting, alive to current events, aware of books, plays, music, and the other arts.

Thousands of Negro families live just like that, but few whites even guess that they exist. Too often the white person forms his opinion from the bootblack, garbage man, sewer cleaner, the handy man. Whites have representatives in those trades too. How would they like it if they were judged on the basis of their humblest, least clean, and most menial representatives? Catholics once were judged that way. To a Bostonian Back Bayer all Catholics were cooks, maids, policemen (not that I don't admire cops), cabbies, section hands on railroads, and

bartenders. The Back Bayers learned with time.

The Sodality's central office decided it might be an interesting experiment to stop talking about the "Negro question" and pretend it wasn't a question at all. That was in 1931.

The state laws of Missouri demand separate (Jim Crow to you) schools for Negroes. The Catholic schools, obedient to the implications of the law, followed suit. What about colored students in our Summer Schools of Catholic Action? In those days we offered an accredited course affiliated to St. Louis university. The classes were to be held in beautiful Webster and Fontbonne colleges for girls. Neither school admitted Negroes.

We decided to say nothing about possible difficulties; we just went ahead. A score of colored students applied and were accepted. They came to all the classes, took part in the parties, ate in the cafeterias with the whites, and were actually registered as students of St. Louis university, a decade and a half before the university finally defied custom and the state laws and admitted Negroes to its student bodies. No one in our SSCA or elsewhere so much as blinked an eye.

I could go back a bit. In the previous year we had held our two National Sodality conventions for parishes and schools in the largest and finest hotels in Chicago's Loop. What about colored? The joint agreement of Chicago hotel managers barred Negroes from the facilities of the Loop hotels. Yet we had Negro delegates. We said noth-

ing. We just held our conventions. To them came a pleasant gathering of Negro Sodalists. No one raised the slightest objection. No one lifted a baring hand.

To the eternal credit of the Sodalists, when at the conclusion of the parish convention a vote was taken to find out who in the eyes of the delegates had made the most important contribution to the success of the convention, the vote by a large majority was for a colored parish Sodalist, Mrs. Franklin of St. Elizabeth's.

Some years later, as we finished a Chicago SSCA in another Loop hotel, a CIO convention came flooding into the place, overlapping us by hours. The lobby was in a ferment. Men were standing on boxes haranguing their fellows. Others were threatening helpless bellhops. Fists threshed the air, and hot words ignited the torch of anger.

"What's all the row?" I asked a passing bellboy.

"Some commies are raising the roof. They're demanding that the colored come into the convention, and the hotel doesn't know what to do."

We had had pleasant, well-mannered, intelligent Negroes at our SSCA all week. They had come to our classes and attended our parties and taken prizes in our amateur night. They had caused no one the slightest trouble, and there had been no arguments. When the leftists felt they had to start an argument and pose a problem, trouble followed.

One year we went south for a big

Sodality meeting. It was deep South, and Negro and white Catholics were separated by wide barriers. "What about the colored coming?" I was asked. The question was important because we were meeting in one of the South's finest girls' colleges. "Let's not talk about it," I suggested. "We'll just invite Sodalists and see what happens."

About a dozen came, boys and girls. No one objected. They ate in the college dining hall. They danced at the musical games. They were a delightful part of all social programs. They were intelligent members of our classes. In this fashionable Catholic girls' college they were accepted and welcomed. No SSCA student left because they were there.

Some years later we returned. This time there was a long preliminary discussion. Should Negroes be invited? Where would they eat? How about separate facilities? "Can't we do as we did before?" I pleaded. I was overruled. It was decided to limit the numbers, to provide a separate small lunchroom, and to ask them not to attend social affairs. Not a Negro came—nor would I had I been a Negro.

The big problem for the Negro is the white. Instead of reaching simple conclusions and acting on them the white persists in fussin' and fightin' and discussin'. The simple facts are: Negroes are human beings. Negroes fall into as many grades of society as do whites—and for the same reasons: education, home and family, income, degree of culture, religion, personal abilities and attainments. To lump all



in a single class is as silly as to lump together bank presidents and street sweepers, old families and newly arrived immigrants from the more backward Balkans, professors and bus boys, Hollywood stars and gangsters, your parish priest and a Skid-row panhandler.

One college graduate happens to know a Negro Doctor of Philosophy in social sciences who is doing research in population trends of Bronzeville; a high-school student was pushed in the ribs by a half-drunk colored illiterate just up from the cornfields and transferred to the smellier part of the local packing house; this woman has served with refined colored women on a Red Cross committee; that woman never spoke to a Negro woman who was above the level of a scullery maid. And yet all plunge into fierce arguments over what all Negroes are like.

The wise man treats his fellow men as individuals. He finds minds that match his. He recognizes accomplishments by whomsoever performed. He

knows that in all races and peoples there are good and bad, saints and criminals, learned and illiterate, wise and foolish, brave and cowardly, refined and loudmouthed, gentlemen and boors. He doesn't judge a whole race or people on the basis of their lowest specimens.

With experience you learn that a lot of talking usually means a lot of confusion. A lot of discussing of any problem only makes the problem more acute. You solve a problem by handling the problem, not by yapping about it.

There is a "Negro question" largely because so many whites yell so many confusing answers and so few bother to listen. If we treat the colored as we treat any other human beings, we have supplied the one sensible answer.

Think the Catholic way. Talk almost not at all about the "Negro problem." Act toward the Negro as you would act toward any human being, any citizen of the U. S., any child of God.

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### *Hope for the Future*

**A** PITTSBURGH CIO unit of United Steel Workers of America has reaffirmed its belief in God and its faith in the U. S.

In a resolution, obviously aimed at communist doctrine concerning religion and government, the membership of Local 135 of Homestead Valve Manufacturing Co., declared, "We would not accept double the wages we now receive and the promise of Utopian working conditions at the price of giving up belief in almighty God and of overthrowing the government of the U. S."

The union unanimously resolved to begin each meeting with a silent prayer and a pledge of allegiance to the U. S.

*San Francisco Monitor* quoted by *Crown Heights Comment* (20 April '48).

100% American

# The Paulists

By WALTER P. BURKE, C.S.P.

**T**HE Paulist story begins at Christmas, 1817, with birth of a New Yorker named Isaac Hecker. It is a story rooted in the heart of American traditions, for the Paulists are the first Religious Community of men which flowered forth from the Catholic spirituality of the American people.

Hecker's father had planned and supervised the metal boiler for the first steamship, the *Clermont*. As a boy, Isaac pushed a baker's cart over New York cobblestones. In between minding bake ovens he found time to read. As he watched the moonlight shining upon the East river, he often asked himself, "What does God desire of me?" With his brothers John and George, he was active in the Equal Rights party for the sake of social reform. But Isaac soon realized that the ultimate answer to social reform lay in religion.

This young American developed into a man deeply religious, philosophical, and sensitive to the life of the people among whom he lived. While attending public lectures he formed a lifetime friendship with Orestes Brownson, the colorful controversialist of his

day. Finding Isaac dissatisfied with Protestantism, Brownson introduced him to the whole range of the New England intellectuals. Isaac joined the Brook Farm movement and was known as Ernest the Seeker by his colleagues Alcott, George Ripley, and Charles Dana. At Fruitlands and Concord he met Emerson, and lived in Thoreau's own home.

The superficial naturalism and altruism of these associates fell far short of his religious yearnings. Challenged by Newman and Pusey's *Oxford Tracts*, he investigated the widely disparaged Church of Rome. Isaac was instructed at Holy Cross college, and later he was baptized at old St. Patrick's cathedral by Bishop McCloskey. Little did the bishop, later Cardinal of New York, realize that this 24-year-old convert's spiritual rebirth would eventually culminate in birth of a new Religious Community in America.

Fifteen years later the Church was still being attacked by the American-born Protestants as an institution utterly foreign to American life. Then there appeared a missionary band, five of whom were themselves American-born converts who became especially effective in convincing American non-Catholics of the truth of Catholicism. First of the group was Father Hecker, who was to inaugurate the first conversion lectures to non-Catholics, at Norfolk, Va., in 1856. His companions were Fathers Clarence Walworth, Augustine Hewitt, and George De-



shon, a former classmate of General Grant at West Point, and Francis Baker, a noted preacher of Baltimore.

Archbishop Hughes requested that the group be established in a house in New York City for the special missionary work then so badly needed. In view of this request of the American bishops, and after a lengthy discussion in Rome, Pope Pius IX in 1858 released Father Hecker and his companions from their Redemptorist vows. At the same time he urged them to form a new Religious Community to concentrate on special convert work. Isaac Hecker then drew up *The Program of Rule* for the new Community, and Archbishop Hughes gave it canonical status on July 7, 1858.

Thus Isaac Hecker, child of American life, steeped in the traditions of New England, alive to the individuality and progressiveness so characteristic of American culture, was able to combine such elements with the rich religious traditions of St. Alphonsus Liguori. The result was America's own masterpiece in religious history which Father Hecker produced in outlining the nature and purpose of the Missionary Society of Saint Paul the Apostle. The document reads as follows.

"A Paulist is a Christian man who aims at a Christian perfection consistent with his natural characteristics and type of civilization of his country. The backbone of a Religious Community is the desire for personal perfection actuating its members. Though we do not take vows, we are none the less given up to divine service. The

element of individuality is taken into account in the Paulist essentially, integrally, and practically. But when it comes into conflict with the common right, the individual must yield to the Community; the common right outweighs the individual right in case of conflict. The individuality of a man cannot be too strong or his liberty too great when he is guided by the Spirit of God.

"The two poles of the Paulist character are: 1. personal perfection; 2. zeal for souls: to labor for the conversion of the country to the faith by apostolic work. Our power will be in presenting the same old truths in new forms, fresh tone, air, and spirit. The character and spirit of our people must find themselves at home in our Church in the way that other nations have done, and it is on this basis alone that the Catholic religion can make progress in this country."

Michael Williams of the *Commonweal* has referred to Father Hecker as composing a "grandiose synthesis" of his own confidence in the Church and the American nation. This Paulist story started by Father Hecker 90 years ago has become a living story of conversions and progress for the Church in America. Of its development Theodore Maynard writes in *The Story of American Catholicism*, "Father Hecker built up a congregation which has had an influence unparalleled for a body its size."

Today as we look at the living picture we see Hecker's vision still vital with action. In the Paulist plan for

conversion, America has been divided into ten missionary territories. In a key city of each section is a Paulist parish which serves as source of spiritual and material support. From those bases of operations the missionaries give missions to Catholics and non-Catholics. A good example of missions for non-Catholics is that held some time ago in Turlock, Calif., attended by 25 ministers. Some 34 converts were realized, with more in the offing.

In keeping with Father Hecker's emphasis on individual initiative and progressiveness, the Paulists have developed a number of effective missionary techniques. For example, they use the dialogue mission, in which two missionaries carry on a religious debate from opposite sides of the sanctuary. In St. Simon Stock's church, New York City, one such mission tallied over 25 converts, thanks to the follow-up work of the pastor and curates.

Paulist information centers are another modern adaptation to the busy skyscraper world with its flair for the informality of downtown offices and reception rooms. Here a priest can be easily contacted for inquiry and instruction. The new Paulist spearheads are located in Boston, New York, Chicago, Baltimore, Toronto, Grand Rapids, Minneapolis, and San Francisco. In two years the Boston center totals 250 converts, while New York averages 150 a year.

In more than 20 of the nation's secular universities the Paulists have Newman clubs. Their aim is to integrate

the spiritual, intellectual, and social life of the Catholic students. Not only has the faith been protected but even propagated. Just one season at California university counted 44 converts, at Texas university, 31, and at Wayne, 25.

Father Hecker, who referred to St. Paul as "the first Christian journalist," established the first Catholic printing press in America, now well known as the Paulist Press. In the last three years, more than 15 million pamphlets have been distributed. The Paulists aim to train writers for all the fields of journalism. Notable among its editors are: Father Gillis of the *Catholic World*, the first American Catholic monthly; Father Murray of the new *Information* magazine; and Father McGinn of the *Paulist News* and *Techniques for Convert-Makers*. Paulist writers in the various fields include Father Eugene Burke in theology, Father McSorley in history, Father Sheerin in preaching, Father Finn in music, Father Kron in art, Father Malloy in catechetics, and Father Hurley in apologetics. Father Conway, with more than 6,000 converts to his credit, wrote *The Question Box*, which has had a total distribution of more than 3¼ million copies, and is printed in six languages. The Catholic Unity league, which he founded, has resulted in more than 2,000 converts through its mail correspondence and wide library distribution of Catholic literature to non-Catholics.

Another effective means of convert work are Paulist inquiry classes for

Catholics and non-Catholics. Today the Paulists have 17 lecture rooms throughout the country, each averaging three lectures a week. Visual aids and Mass films add to the attractiveness of the talks. On the air waves of America, Paulist radio programs originate from New York City, Boston, Toronto, Clemson, Nashville, Salt Lake City, and Hollywood.

An especially colorful phase of missionary activity is the trailer mission work, sometimes called "muscular Christianity." The trailers are equipped with an altar and living quarters for two missionaries, besides a powerful public-address system, platform, floodlights, and movie projector. Such a highly equipped moving unit enables the missionaries effectively to bring Christ to the rough-and-ready parts of far-flung America. In one section of Tennessee, 300 converts have resulted. Paulist trailers carry on work in Texas, Utah, Missouri, Tennessee, and South Carolina.

To provide men capable of Paulist work and prepared for the wide variety of parish work, missions, journalism, radio, lecturing, instruction, information centers, Newman clubs, and trailer work, special training is required. The Paulist Preparatory seminary, for high-school and junior-college students, is in Baltimore. A year of novitiate is spent at Oak Ridge, N. J., for inculcating the principles of the spiritual life and the Pauline traditions of Father Hecker. At the end of the year, the candidate makes temporary promises of poverty, chastity, and

obedience, and receives the Paulist habit. Final promises and full-fledged membership in the Paulist Community come three years later.

The major seminary, which follows the novitiate, is fittingly located in the nation's capital. St. Paul's college is affiliated with Catholic U., but a short distance away. Conferring its own degrees, St. Paul's provides a first-class six-year seminary course. But added to this is the special training in preaching, speaking, and writing. Of special importance are classes in convert work. Here future missionaries learn the non-Catholic mentality, the psychology of conversion, and the techniques of presentation. Seminary discipline and routine are varied with all the usual sports, such as football, baseball, and handball. Summer months are spent at Lake George, N. Y., at St. Mary's on the Lake. Here the student builds up his physical stamina for the coming year's studies.

Thus the Paulist story is still a living story of the activity of a group of Religious trained and dedicated to the great work of converting America by use of the best American methods. The year 1958 will not only be the 100th anniversary of the Paulists, but also a century of progress for the Church in America. Though the membership in the Church has grown rapidly as a result of the great work of all the Religious Orders and of the diocesan priests and Catholic laypeople, there still remain in America 100 million souls who have no formal religion whatsoever. They are a chal-



ledge not only to the Paulists but to every member of the Church; and in particular to the courage and talents and good will of the young men of America.

A vocation to such a call requires good physical health, satisfactory

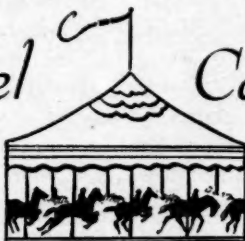
school work or better, love of Christ, and desire to be a priest and to convert America. Further information on convert work and on the Paulist Fathers can be obtained by writing to the Vocation Director, St. Paul's college, Washington, 17, D. C.

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"The music goes round and round"

## Carousel Career Man

By  
JIM CONNIFF.



Condensed from the  
*Missionary Servant*\*

**E**XCEPT for a few out-of-the-way places like Okinawa, the Gilberts and Saipan, Angelo Riccardi has never been anywhere. Up until last spring, nobody outside his own neighborhood knew much about him. But today, if the kids had the vote and Ricky wanted the job, he could get himself elected mayor of Jersey City, his-home town.

The reason is a little old merry-go-round his father gave him when, after five years of foot-soldiering with the famous 69th Infantry, he found the cheers plentiful but the job opportunities few. He bought a truck and mounted the carousel on it. He sprayed the truck bright yellow, painted the whirligig a gay red and green, flipped

the switch for the merriest tune on the rig's electric organ (*Now's the Time to Fall in Love!*) and gloomily set forth to make an odd buck and brighten the lives of little children.

At every corner, children blossomed riotously. From 2:30 in the afternoon until sometimes 9 at night, the eight little white-and-black horses and the four tiny chairs around the carousel's center pole were screaming with moppets. Ricky now clears \$40 or \$50 a week. The other day he turned down an offer of \$3,000 for his carousel. For Ricky, it has come to mean far more than money.

Where else, he grins, can you find a job that lets you sleep all morning, if

\*Box 266, Stirling, N. J. April, 1948.

you feel like it? How could he do better than the two-hour nap he gets after lunch during the summer vacation when his little customers are taking their naps, too, and conveniently halting business until 3 P.M. rolls around? What job would let him knock off for the day when it rains?

The only reason Ricky has to sweat at all is that he had to disengage the merry-go-round from his truck engine and spin it by hand. Motor-driven, it moved too fast and made the kids dizzy. They would stagger forth to strike attitudes of infantile inebriation all over the neighborhood. Then the mothers would move in on Ricky.

From time to time, Ricky has had to move in on the kids. One night, customers aboard waged war with slingshots and peashooters against kids on the curb, who waged war right back with everything they could lay their hands on. Next day Ricky bought wire fencing that has so far withstood the most savage of childish efforts to cut through it. To date they've tried everything but acetylene torches.

Even if he weren't naturally fond of kids, Ricky couldn't afford to let little things like those sour him. He frequently gets his share of hot water because of his concern for safety of his customers. In heavily kidded areas he parks at every corner to spare children the risk of crossing busy streets. Mothers are grateful for this practice, but one resident resented it.

With a yapping Pekingese under an arm and a broom in her fist, she advanced on Ricky with threats of the

law if he didn't move from in front of her house. Thinking to placate her, he switched the electric organ to *I'm Alone Because I Love You*, and bowed to her. The gesture was fortunate, since it allowed the broom to whistle harmlessly over his head. But the frightened Peke yelped in terror and bounded from his mistress' arms onto the carousel. With a shriek she bounded after him. Ricky went into action.

He turned up the music volume and got the gig rolling with the same deft motion. To keep her balance, the neighborhood crank had to sit on two of the center chairs, while the Peke, howling happily, leaned to the sway with blissful abandon beside her. Her screams faded to flares and then to a look of amazement. The gathering neighbors, who had avoided her for years, were cheering and clapping as if she had done something heroic. A high-school boy whose street games she'd disrupted regularly led a violent *Whistle-Boom-Ah!* for her. At last Ricky stopped the carousel and gallantly helped her and the Peke to the sidewalk. "Ordinarily," he murmured rashly, "that would cost you 10¢, madam!"

She hurried into her house without a word. She was out again before the next ride began, minus her pouch but carrying her handbag. The look on her face was one of pleasure and embarrassment. "Let anybody ride who wants to," she told Ricky. "Tonight the rides are on me!" Sounds crazy, he admits, but the woman never again chased a kid (or Ricky).

With the veteran's peddler license furnished him gratis by New Jersey "to solicit trade," Ricky is free, once he has notified local police authorities of his presence, to start his tinkling music going anywhere in the state. During summer vacation he moves to outlying towns that time would never permit him to cover during the short workday of the school year. Something of the gypsy in him stirs to the discovery of the beautiful countryside where he is free to follow his fancy and make an honest dollar in the process. Most of the time, though, he sticks pretty close to a schedule that takes him to a definite locality each day in the week. The kids expect it of him.

Up in Secaucus, for instance, there is a little boy who is not well. Secaucus is where Ricky goes on Thursday. One Thursday when it rained, Ricky had settled down to an afternoon at home when the phone rang. The little boy was dangerously depressed, they said, because the carousel hadn't come around. Ricky talked a while, finally got the glum little fellow on the phone. No amount of cheering chatter had any effect. Ricky gave up. "Look, fella," he said, "you sit in the front window and watch for me. I'll be along any minute now." Out into the rain strode a formerly tough tech sergeant for a long drive that snapped a sick little boy out of his gloom. "Ah, that was nothing. You shoulda seen

the rain we had in the Gilberts!" says Ricky.

Kids are about the same all over, he has found. Little kids stamp around with their chests out and tease their mothers into letting them ride. Once they are aboard, an awful lot of recent diaper-graduates lose their bravado.

Where you run into one sweet little girl in a thin, patched dress who tries to swap a pitiful bouquet of wild flowers for a ride on the merry-go-round, the day will be sort of evened off for you by some spoiled kid who hands out a dime tip for a nickel ride. One youngster fell in love with the horse she was riding and insisted that her father buy it for her. He was willing, too, and stalked off in a rage when Ricky said, "No sale."

Though 28 is a little young to be tied up with traditions, Ricky likes the idea of keeping alive a heritage the last notes of which are now fading on the quiet streets of American childhood. Music is the heart of it; although mothers are too busy keeping an eye on Junior to care what is being played, and the kids never give a thought to what accompanies the 45 to 60-second whirl as long as it is noisy. Ricky varies his selections like a symphonic conductor. Out of the ten tunes available, Ricky secretly favors *Forty-Second Street*, with *Sidewalks of New York* a close runner-up, both apropos of the business.

**CORRECTING** faults is like tying a necktie or a bow: we can always do it easier on ourselves than on anybody else.

Joseph Mantou, C.Ss.R., in a Catholic Hour address (18 May '47).

He remembered right and wrong

## Communist Converted

By DOUGLAS HYDE

Condensed from the *Catholic Herald*\*



AT HALF-PAST eight on the evening of Jan. 16, this year, I phoned the local Jesuit college. "I want to have my two children baptized," I said.

"Half-past three on Sunday," said the voice at the other end of the line, obviously coming from someone who believed in being brief and to the point.

"Won't some godparents be needed?" I questioned.

"Bring them along, too, at half-past three on Sunday," said the voice.

I began to get desperate. "But we just don't know a Catholic in the world," I said.

The voice now began to show a lively interest. "Aren't you Catholics yourselves, either?" it asked.

"No," I answered, "and we want to have a chat with someone about that, too."

That telephone conversation represented the decisive break with 20 years of communism.

It meant that I must leave my job as news editor of the *Daily Worker*, a position I had held for five years, and resign from the party to which I had devoted my whole adult life.

But the story doesn't really begin

there, but in 1943. In that year, in the course of my work on the *Daily Worker*, I libeled a Catholic paper, the *Weekly Review*, and a number of its contributors.

In preparation for an anticipated court case, which in fact was never heard, I read through the paper's files for the preceding year. I had accused it of providing a platform for fascists at a moment when fascist bombs were raining down on Britain. I came in time to realize that I had libeled it not only in law but also in fact.

It was a journal which represented a way of life quite outside my experience. It became obvious to me that there existed a Catholic culture about which I knew nothing. For years my cultural interests had been in the Middle Ages. My favorite music was all pre-Purcell; in architecture my interest was in Norman and Gothic; in literature my favorites were Chaucer and Langland.

And those were clearly the interests of the people behind the *Weekly Review*. I came to look forward to the days when it appeared on my desk. A natural development was that I became increasingly interested in the writings of Chesterton and Belloc.

I was aware of the process which

\*67 Fleet St., London, EC 4, England. April, 1948.

was taking place, resisted it, failed, and then created two watertight compartments in my mind; one for my "medievalism," as I called it, the other for my communism. But it did not work. And in the end it was Catholicism which won.

Just over 20 years before, I had started studying theology with the intention of going to India as a Methodist missionary. But before I was 18 I had, after much thought and discussion, become a Communist party member, and all thought of becoming a missionary had been thrown overboard as unworthy of a modern progressive youth.

What were the impressions of a youth coming from a Christian home into the Communist party? They were, of course, very mixed. There was inspiration in plenty. I had found nothing in Christianity which gave me such scope for my youthful enthusiasms and idealism; no sense of purpose to be compared with that of the communists.

Christianity had its martyrs of hundreds of years ago, but the average modern Christian seemed to be getting along pretty well without much hardship; the communists had plenty of present-day martyrs, in Asia, in the Balkans, sometimes even in America.

Almost every "comrade" I met had been "victimized" several times. Most of the unemployed were known as "reds" to prospective employers and so could hope for little more than an occasional job sweeping snow in the winter. These were the real scorned

and rejected among men and, in identifying myself with them, I was embracing something more sublime than any "outworn Christianity."

The international character of the movement, too, had a tremendous attraction in a world still licking its wounds after the 1st World War. There was everything to appeal to youthful idealism, and I had my full share of that.

And there was more in it than just idealism, too. Communism offered to those who were prepared to study not only a cure for all social and economic ills but a complete philosophy. Its assumption of the inevitability of continued material progress rounded off all that the school teachers and children's encyclopedias had taught me about evolution.

It was, above all, a way of life with new values and an utter abandonment of the old. As such it had its shocks for me. Perhaps my Nonconformist upbringing made me expect people devoted to the emancipation of mankind to deny themselves the pleasures of the flesh. The comrades had little money to spare for food and clothes, but at least they could, and did, indulge in a considerable amount of promiscuous love. That, it seemed to me, was to be deplored but, balanced against what was good, it could be forgiven. In time, like the rest, I defended moral laxity on the grounds of sex emancipation and the need to defy hypocritical bourgeois conventions. It is a theory which has its obvious attractions.



I clung desperately to the remnants of my Christianity for a time, calling myself a Christian-communist and drawing in my works of Lenin a cross on which hung the hammer and sickle. Older party members were tolerant. "You will grow out of it in time, as we have done," they said. And, since no youth likes being thought an adolescent, I grew up speedily.

The years which followed were the fierce, hungry years of economic crisis and mass unemployment. There were demonstrations, hunger marches, baton charges, and at times, barricades. There was color, sacrifice and endless activity. And, in such a situation, who knew? Out of it all might come the revolution and the end of the rotten, decadent capitalism which permitted the few to live in idle luxury and the many to live on the dole.

When the guns started to go off in the 1930's, first in Abyssinia, then in Spain, communists everywhere flung themselves into the fight against fascism and war with passionate intensity. I campaigned for a quick, successful end to the Republican fight in Spain. If fascism were allowed to be victorious there, I believed, war would spread across the world.

That belief was sufficient to keep anyone working night and day. I was living in Wales at the time and quickly became the Welsh organizer of Spanish Medical Aid. With a 16-mm. machine and the film, *Defense of Madrid*, I took the anti-Franco cause into every town and village of North and Mid-Wales.

After the film and a speech, I normally made an appeal. What followed often embarrassed me and made me feel that there is a point beyond which people ought not to sacrifice. I do not claim to be an orator and any eloquence of mine came simply from the conviction that this was a just cause. Yet at the end of the appeal for funds I have known slate quarrymen to pass up their unopened pay packets and refuse to take them back. The smallness of the wage and the immensity—one might say the folly—of the sacrifice were shattering.

Among those who fought and died in Spain were many who were inspired by the purest and noblest motives. But when I later got further inside of party circles I learned of the full-time organizer who, when the Republicans were crying out for more and more men, went nightly around London picking up drunks and down-and-outs and shipping them across to the Continent as cannon fodder.

That is typical of much connected with the Communist party. Endless activity concerned with immediate issues keeps the rank-and-file too busy to criticize, or even to think much further than the job in hand.

The newcomer to the party is at once struck by the colossal loyalty of members to their leaders, and what appears to be the singleness of purpose of the entire party. Equally the newcomer will be struck by the fact that party leaders receive extremely small salaries. "There cannot possibly be any scope for careerists here," it is often

said. And, on the face of things, it appears true enough. But in one sense the party leaders are careerists on the grand scale. Their Marxism, in which they believe implicitly, tells them that history is on their side. Sooner or later the final crisis of capitalism will come; led by the Communist party, the working-class will carry through its successful revolution; and after that will come the new Socialist-Soviet world. And leading the revolution, and later the building of the Soviet state, will be the party leaders occupying positions comparable in power and prestige to those of Stalin, Dimitrov and Tito today. To the non-communist it may appear somewhat unreal, but for the leaders concerned there is a complete Marxist science to prove it. Moreover, that science works, as is being proved today in Eastern Europe.

As war came obviously nearer, the wheels of industry started at last to turn again and the party shifted its emphasis from the Labor Exchanges to the factories. "Every factory a fortress," was the slogan, and with amazing speed important factories earned the reputation for being communist-dominated. By the time the war actually came, communist shop stewards could boast, "We can get a strike over a cup of tea at any time"—an ideal position from the party point of view.

The party's early support for the war was not popular with the rank and file who, brought up on the writings of Lenin and Stalin, believed it might bring with it new opportunities. "Workers will turn war into civil

war," was well known to members and fully understood. Thus it was with relief that the rank and file heard of the leaders' decision to switch over to opposition to what was now recognized as an imperialist war.

The decision had not, of course, been a spontaneous one. The Communist International was still very much in existence, and the new instructions had been brought back post-haste from Moscow by a well-known member who was over there when the war began.

It was at the beginning of 1940 that I started at the *Daily Worker*, just when things were beginning to warm up. To go at a very much reduced salary seemed natural enough; the honor of being on the party's daily paper was sufficient in itself. I more than once heard visiting readers say that when they entered the building they felt they were on sacred ground.

When Russia was brought into the war by the German attack, the British Communist party, along with its sister parties throughout Europe, immediately dropped its antiwar activities and came briskly out in full support instead.

Right to the last moment the London party leaders believed that Hitler would not attack, and denounced the rumors which preceded the attack as anti-Soviet war-mongering and wishful thinking.

When the news broke on the morning of June 22, 1941, a good deal of quick thinking was required. It was Sunday, and as usual, most of the party

leaders were in the provinces on propaganda trips. Those who were in London were quickly called together and proceeded to hammer out the new line.

The British party leaders decided that the task of the party would now be to stimulate support for Britain's war effort, to undo the party's own antiwar activities, to press for the fullest possible military and moral support for Russia. That lead was got out to the party members as quickly as possible.

By the following morning communist shop stewards were calling meetings in war factories all over the country, explaining the fundamental change which had occurred in the character of the war, and demanding maximum output from every worker. The change in the line seemed completely justified and explicable to me, as it did to other party members. Where before we believed the war was utterly wrong, now we saw it as something to be given 100% backing. Both attitudes were consistent with Marxist teaching and tactics.

How are communists able with complete conviction to make such rapid changes, to pursue one line one day and another the next? Is it that they are completely spoon-fed and dumb, conscious and willing tools of Moscow? The answer to such questions is vital to an understanding of communist behavior today.

The communist believes that loyalty to country was put out of date 100 years ago with the publication of the *Communist Manifesto*, that loyalty to

the working class of the world is a far higher thing. The class war, says Marx, has always existed, but the working class must be made aware of this and then proceed to fight it as a war. They must use military strategy and tactics, deceive the enemy, employ ruses, deceit, subterfuge. Any methods are considered permissible in warfare when the battle grows hot; this must go for the class war, too.

The old "bourgeois" conceptions of ethics, religion and morality must be thrown overboard as mere tricks of the ruling class to keep the workers—the rightful heirs to the riches of the world—in subjection. Right and wrong in the old accepted sense therefore cease to exist. "Does it serve the class struggle or not?" is the one guide to the behavior of the individual or the party.

But the old clear-cut line-up of workers of the world versus the employing class of the world has been obscured by the success of the working-class revolution in Russia. The Soviet Union is the one great strategic gain which at all costs must be defended. Thus in fighting on Russia's behalf the worker is fighting for his own class interests and, in the last analysis, for himself.

Therefore, under all circumstances the communist must be expected to put the interests of Russia (and today her satellites in Eastern Europe) before everything. In doing so he is, he believes, serving the best interests of his class, who, being the majority of any population, are loosely described as "the people."

This, then, explains why communist scientists, writers, doctors, members of Parliament, as well as industrial workers, are all prepared to honor Russia's wishes without question, and will assist Russia in every possible way under all circumstances.

One immediate effect of the great pro-Soviet wave which swept Britain when Hitler's bombers and invasion forces turned East was a tremendous rush of recruits to the Communist party. Within a few months the membership had jumped from less than 30,000 to just over 60,000. Optimistically the leaders planned for a 100,000 membership. That was never realized, and the opportunity passed.

The party's activities and slogans became of the broadest possible character. Winston Churchill, who for years had been seen as the communists' great enemy, became their hero; his picture was carried in processions along with Stalin's. No Marxist had any doubts about the purely temporary character of that particular tactic, but undoubtedly there were many among the new recruits who were deceived.

Then East met West when British and American forces rushed across the Continent to be in Germany as the Hitler regime collapsed. The factory workers had responded magnificently to the "tanks for Joe" campaigns. What colossal consequences, I felt, would flow from the impact of the forces of the capitalist world meeting the victorious Red Army men, products of a generation of Marxist Socialism.

But things did not work out like that. For after the first pictures had been taken of Tommy and Ivan hand-in-hand and the first cheers had died down, a different type of story began to filter back.

I had known, of course, that the Red Army was drawn from the countryside, while the townsmen in the main filled the war factories. But our own prewar propaganda had said that the countryside, too, had been transformed and that the new generation was the product of Russia's virile proletarian culture.

The only way to deal with the obviously factual accounts of the appalling things being done by Red Army men in Germany, their lack of any sort of culture, and their obvious poverty, was frankly to admit in the *Daily Worker* that many people had had an exaggerated idea of the progress made in Russia since the revolution.

Making all allowances for Russia's former backwardness, there was still a great deal which took a lot of explaining away. In fact, while the dead they had left behind them inspired me, the living who reached Berlin, raping and looting like any other victorious army, troubled me a very great deal.

There existed in this country when the war ended a great fund of admiration and good will for the Russian people and their leaders. It seemed to me to be one of the most hopeful and promising things which had come out of the war. There is all too little friendship in the world—particularly among

nations—and here was a great positive thing which might be turned to good account. But in the months which followed I saw that good will being wantonly dissipated, frittered away by the Russian leaders' intransigence.

One expects hard bargaining after wars—we certainly had that after the 1914-18 war—and at first it seemed entirely explicable that the Russian leaders should dig their heels in and bargain as hard as the rest. But it became clear before long that the Russians were doing much more. I found it impossible to justify the Russian attitude at one international conference after another. Mr. Molotov's No's to me became much more than a phony music-hall joke; they were the cause of much perplexity and hard thinking.

The behavior of the Communist parties in the countries of Eastern Europe became increasingly disturbing. For years we had said that communism could not be exported, it must be home-grown, springing from home conditions. But Russia, quite shamelessly, began to export it in a big way.

In Rumania, when the first postwar government was formed, the party had fewer than 300 members. Yet within a short time it had got the whip hand over the entire population. Leaders of other parties, with far more justification for governing the country, were persecuted and driven out. The hideous and monotonous repetition of the process in one country after another sickened me, as I know it was sickening others. The obvious glee

with which each new move was greeted by some of my colleagues on the *Daily Worker*, and their cynicism about the leaders who were one after another driven out, sickened me still more.

The reports of our correspondents who visited Poland, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania and elsewhere revealed the reluctance of the party leaders in those countries to let either their own people or the press of the world know what was happening.

Psychologists, no doubt, will understand at once why, as my doubts grew, I defended my communism with greater pugnacity than before. It was, I suppose, an act of self-defense. I saw the things for which I had lived and worked crumbling before my eyes. Presumably, at any time during my 20 years in the party I might have been shocked equally by the party's total lack of scruple, by its preparedness to use any and every means of achieving its aims. I had for years understood why the party behaves as it does and subscribed to its approach to such questions.

But there was a new element: I had once again started differentiating between right and wrong, accepting once again the old discarded values. Right and wrong, I knew, were in their final analysis spiritual values—utterly un-Marxist.

In concerning myself about the fate of bourgeois democratic leaders who were being hunted for their lives, I was admitting the intrinsic value of the individual when, as a Marxist, I



should have regarded the individual as being of no consequence and the masses as being of utmost consequence.

To think such heresies was disturbing but also exhilarating. From using my intelligence, day in and day out, to develop and apply policies already laid down for me, I was enjoying the freedom of thinking along quite independent lines. The return to spiritual values became an exciting intellectual adventure:

Night after night at the end of my day's work on the *Daily Worker*, my wife and I discussed it in my home. We decided that our children must have the advantages of religious teaching.

Everything we read or heard began to fit into a single pattern. Suddenly we awoke to the fact that the period we loved most in history was a Catholic period, that its music and art and learning were part of a Catholic culture which existed in Britain for centuries and was still the culture, often in somewhat degraded form, of large parts of the Continent. We read the Catholic press with eagerness each week. At last, with considerable embarrassment, we admitted to each other that we were both Catholics in everything but one thing. We had still to accept, or rather re-accept, the first necessary premise, belief in God.

We decided that one cannot read or think oneself into such belief. Either one believes or one does not. A conscious act of faith would be required. And there we stuck for several weeks.

Then I discovered St. Etheldreda's.

It was a remarkable discovery, mainly because I had not discovered it before. For years I had passed what seemed an ugly building, and in so far as it had registered at all, my reactions had been that this must surely be the ugliest of ugly churches.

Then, with my problem still unsolved, I discovered that the church was a Gothic gem, one that had been restored to the ancient faith, its walls hallowed from hundreds of years of Catholic prayer; the stoups, the images of saints, all things once again serving their true purpose, not just quaint survivals in an Anglican setting. I visited it daily on my way to and from the office. I would spend five minutes in that ancient setting and be spiritually restored. The problem of the first premise ceased to exist.

Things were now becoming quite impossible for me on the *Daily Worker*. For several years I had led the paper's drives for increased production, thanking heaven that this at least was something in its policy in which I could believe. The foundation of the Cominform ended all that. Suddenly our campaign was dropped and we began to tell our readers that increased output now simply served dollar imperialism.

I knew that because the party leaders of Eastern Europe were concerned over the possible consequences of their refusal to accept Marshall aid, it was now to become the duty of the other Communist parties to work to depress standards in the West and so give the East the appearance of relative pros-

perity. Success of that policy I knew, and they knew, too, would mean perhaps as many as 3 million unemployed in Britain.

I was nauseated by the ability of the other executives on the paper to accept such a policy without a thought for its consequences in terms of human misery. I was sickened by the way in which they were repeatedly prepared to postpone decisions until they knew Russia's intentions, or to distort facts to fit in with Russia's current propaganda.

Still knowing no Catholics, we had our two children baptized by Father Joseph Corr, S.J., our local parish priest, to whom we had been referred when we made our first phone call to the Jesuit college in January. Our instruction began at once. For weeks we visited our local church with one eye over our shoulders lest any of the local communists should report our "deviations" to the *Daily Worker*.

Then, when Czechoslovakia's leaders were finally forced by the Cominform to fit into the pattern of Eastern Europe regardless of their country's culture and democracy, I knew that the time had come to make my protest and go. I stated my position to my editor and, as I had anticipated, he indicated that I must leave at once. There was no point in discussing my Catholicism with him, for I knew that that was something he could not and would not understand. We parted on amiable terms, which lasted until a few days later, when my approach to the Catholic Church became known.

Then, overnight, all that was changed. The bitterest epithets the party could find were not too bad for me, for communists regard the Catholic Church as the spearhead of the opposition to everything at which they are aiming.

In this they are quite logical, for ultimately either communist materialism or the Catholic Church must prevail. Against the cynicism, hate, blind bigotry, the destruction of ethics and morality by the communists, the Church can pose the dignity, sanctity and responsibility of man as an individual, the conception of an extended Christendom which must ultimately include all the nations of the earth, the return to spiritual values, and a belief in a God who as Father unites the human race in a way which no materialist creed can hope to do.

Day dreams? Escapism? Nostalgia? I don't think so. I believe that millions of men and women are appalled at the consequences of materialism in the world today; profoundly disturbed by the submersion of the individual; sick of the lies that darken our days, the vice and misery and squalor which flow from the great cities where each man lives for himself, and the spiritual and material havoc which threaten to swamp us as war follows war.

These are days of great change. Men have tried materialism and now know where it leads. The nausea which men feel as they view the world today springs, I believe, from the first stirrings of an awareness that right and wrong still mean something—even in terms of material happiness.

Enough of the world has now "gone communist" for people everywhere to be awake to what that really means. It will result in a turning away from communism by some of the communists themselves, for communists are convertible though communism is not.

It may also mean that, as had happened before, in meeting the threat of a pagan invader Christendom will emerge stronger than before. To achieve this, a narrow anti-communism is not enough. Communism is a challenge to Christianity. For good or ill the world is now thoroughly alive to the need for a solution to outstanding social problems, clamoring for a more equitable distribution of the world's wealth. Such demands are not unreasonable and are in accord with Catholic social teaching.

An application of that teaching as outlined by successive popes during the last 50 years would meet the legitimate demands of a world which, crying for bread and homes and the simple and necessary things of life and yearning for something deeper, is offered only high-power propaganda, lifeless economic arguments, ill-informed witch hunts and, in the last resort, the nihilism of the atom bomb.

In this, Catholic trade unionists and members of social organizations have a big part to play. The situation is an urgent one, the responsibilities of the moment are enormous. But if Catholics everywhere work with even half the energy, understanding and devotion shown by communists, the challenge of communism will be met and defeated.



### *I Shall Never Forget It*

THREE Jewish DP's from Hungary live opposite us in Augsburg. They are rather nice-looking young ladies, and I have often wondered what their feelings towards the Germans may be. A fortnight ago one of the three sisters and I started a conversation. Having learned that I was a Lithuanian but spoke English, the girl asked me to give her lessons. I agreed, partly, I admit, because I wanted to see what she was like after her war experience.

During our third lesson my eyes caught sight of a number tattooed on my pupil's forearm, the sign of the concentration camp. When our lesson ended we had a little talk about that, in the course of which the girl said, "I have sat in a room with 800 other Jews for nights and days, my knees drawn up to my chin. I have seen people collapse and die every day. My parents, my sister, and her baby are no more. But I cannot find it in my heart to be hard on *all* the Germans, especially on their innocent children. I have no desire to do to them what they did to us. It would lead nowhere.

I learned more from my pupil that day than she ever learned from me.

Mrs. O. Saulaitis (Augsburg, Germany).

Readers are invited to submit similar experiences. We shall pay \$25 on publication for acceptable ones. Sorry we cannot return manuscripts, but we shall carefully consider all that are submitted.—The editors.

*Tough job but good pay*

## *An Eye for the Padre*

By JIM BISHOP

Condensed from the *Sunday Sun*\*

FATHER EDMUND BOYLE has no parish, and very little desire to work in one. His field is the gambling hell of Reno. His battered desk is in a small office on the main street. The sign on the door says: Catholic Welfare Bureau. If you step inside, you see the desk, a file cabinet, and a man. The man is wearing slacks and a T-shirt. The jaded gamblers, prostitutes and procurers of Reno have more respect for him in that outfit than they would if he dressed like a cleric.

His work is to help those beyond help. At one time, when a girl landed in Reno's gutter, she was picked up by the Reno police and taken to the prison "pink room." There she rotted. When a gambler hit the skids, no one would stake him to a dime. In the asylum on the sandy fringe of town, the people adjudged insane wandered in misery through the wards, half-clothed, praying, muttering, walking in their own filth.

Father Boyle changed things a little. He told the police that when a girl was picked up he would give them every bit of five minutes to phone him. No longer. The moment the call comes in, he swings out of his office, signs the girl out of jail on his responsibility, takes her to his office, and writes a

file-card history of her, complete with social-security number, true name, next of kin, and all the pertinent facts. Then she gets a complete medical examination. If she needs treatment, it is given to her free. If she doesn't, she spends a few weeks unmolested in the cool quiet of the local convent. No one tries to force religion upon her. She is there for rest, meditation, and personal reassessment first.

When that time is up, she visits Father Boyle and chooses one of two courses: back home with the folks, or a legitimate job. Once she makes her choice, Father Boyle sees that she achieves it. In the case of busted gamblers, they are given food, lodging and a railroad ticket home. In the case of inmates of the asylum, the goal is improved conditions, new dresses, shoes, trousers, pipes, tobacco, and other items which would be trivial to you, but are incredibly important to them.

As Father Boyle sat in my office in a deep leather chair and looked out from the 26th floor across Midtown Manhattan I was thinking that he looked as if he might have been a fighter, because his nose was flattened high up near the eyes and he had jug ears. Then I glanced again at the Roman collar and the black suit and came

\*362 Cedar Lane, Teaneck, N. J. April 18, 1948.

back to reality. "Nice view you got here," he said.

Father Boyle is 31 or perhaps 32. He speaks softly, swiftly, and you have to listen or you miss words and find yourself nodding into a vacuum. You find yourself thinking: he is not just a priest, this man is a great priest. He is, you suspect, the living epitome of what Bing Crosby tried to do for the cameras.

Father Boyle has only two earthly loves: his mother and father. It is impossible to gauge the depth of his affection unless you are accustomed to understanding a man who won't discuss it. They raised him in Pawtucket, R.I., and he manages to get home from his duties once a year. When that time comes, he puts on priestly garb and takes them on long drives. To my office in New York, for instance.

Father Boyle is under jurisdiction of one of the fine churchmen of the west, Bishop Gorman of Reno. The bishop knows that Father Boyle's working day is long, but he also knows that Father Boyle is still young enough to take the abuse without hurting himself. The young man finishes his day at midnight and gets to bed. He is up at 5 A.M. and reads his Office. At 5:45 he says Mass in the convent chapel. After that, a fast breakfast and away to the office.

The ways of reclaiming souls are always devious. Father Boyle's knowledge of pool helps. Last spring he was crouching low trying to bank a ball in the side pocket when someone tapped him. He looked around, and then

upward. The tapper was one of the biggest strangers Father Boyle ever saw. At five feet five inches, the good Father immediately became respectful.

"Hello," he said.

"They tell me you're a priest."

"Yeah," Father Boyle said.

"You don't look like one."

"I'm 'sorry. . . ."

"How do you make that bank shot?"

"If you'll give me a little room, I'll show you."

The man moved back. Father Boyle drew a bead on the ball. The cue snapped. The cue ball went across the green, tapped the striped ball, and the striped ball hit the cushion and rolled slowly back toward the priest and dropped into the side pocket.

Father Boyle looked around. The giant was walking away.

"Hey," said the priest. The man turned back. "Did you want to talk to me?" The man thought about it a moment. Then nodded. Father Boyle racked his cue and led the way to his office. The man was a Catholic. He had an enormity of crime upon his soul. He hadn't been to Mass in 29 years and he had been a trigger man for Capone during prohibition. He wasn't sure how many men he had cancelled with his .38. Quite a few. Now he was getting old. The adding up of debits and credits wasn't far off.

Father Boyle made sure that the ex-gangster was sincerely repentant and not just frightened. On Easter Sunday the trigger man, big as a trailer truck, shuffled up the center aisle to Communion the first time since childhood.



Afterward, he was so elated that he grabbed Father Boyle as you would a spaniel puppy: by the back of the neck. He hugged the priest and dragged him off to a casino.

"Father," he said, "I'm going to roll the dice. Here are four \$10 bills. All you gotta do is bet that I'm right."

"Just a moment," Father Boyle said. "You know better than—."

The big man leaned down. "Play," he said. "You're a little guy, Father, and I love you too much to lose my temper. Play."

The priest played. He went home that night with \$600. It worried him. After Mass, he walked around to diocesan headquarters. He was going to tell it, and tell it truthfully. As he went inside, a prominent Catholic layman was coming out of the bishop's office.

Father Boyle couldn't hold the crime within him any longer. He told about the four \$10 bills and he told about the \$600 net. He said he felt badly about it and he was going to tell it to the bishop.

"No, Father," the layman said softly. "Don't do that. He has enough problems on his mind as it is." He reached into his pocket. "Here," he said, "take this \$100, Father, and go out and make \$5,000 out of it." Father Boyle gave the \$600 to the Catholic Welfare bureau.

The so-called sinful people of Reno have more than respect for Father Boyle. They have a deep affection for him. One old lady who runs a gambling mill gives him \$10,000 a year for the care of prostitutes. A rich man gives him \$5,000 to buy necessities for those who are insane. Each one who donates money gives it for a specific purpose and does it on the condition that the name of the donor be kept secret.

Father Boyle works hard. Few persons except his brother priests knew about two years ago that he was going blind. Cataracts grew muddily across his eyes. The doctors said that they could not be removed. The world grew dimmer and dimmer for Father Boyle. Then, about Christmastime last year, a murderer sat in Death Row in Nevada penitentiary. He was a few hours away from the final exit. He asked for the prison doctors. They came.

"Listen," he said, "they tell me there's a young priest in Reno who's doin' pretty good for folks who are down and out. Someone says he's goin' blind. I been thinkin' I won't have much use for these anymore, so if you guys wanna operate. . . ."

They did. As Father Boyle sat in my office, he looked at me through the eye of a murderer. "Nice view you got here," he said. "A very nice view."



**THE Sadducees did not believe in the Resurrection; that is why they were sad, you see.**

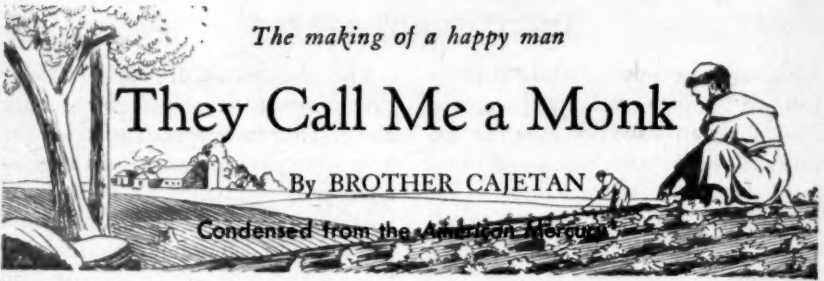
David T. Armstrong.

*The making of a happy man*

# They Call Me a Monk

By BROTHER CAJETAN

Condensed from the *American Mercury*



I AM Brother Cajetan, what they call a monk. A few years ago I saw Broadway's conception of a monk, a rather skinny old man in a brown gown which hid everything except his sandaled feet and his thin, pale face, the most prominent feature of which was an extremely long and unmistakably red nose. Of course, he had a deep voice, which came from his very heels and rolled like thunder along the last rows of the gallery.

All I can say is that monks are not like that, usually. People who have bothered about medieval history will probably remember that they were employed in those days in various duties about the monastery. They made transcripts of ancient writings, worked the land, begged food for the poor, built roads, chanted psalms, and performed other labors. The modern monks often do the same, but they have added some new duties. Among other things, they frequently give missions and retreats, and teach in schools and universities.

Despite the numerous differences in purpose, scope, and rules among the various Orders, practically all of them require their members to take three major vows, of poverty, chastity, and obedience. It is taking these vows

which makes the lives of all monks fundamentally the same. The brilliant scholar who holds a chair of philosophy is no more entitled to carry money in his pocket than the humble brother who spends most of the day in the barn, milking cows, and toting ensilage. The three vows really constitute the Religious life. All monastic rules are made toward their better preservation.

We are advised by rule to speak little of ourselves. I suppose that is because a Religious is inclined to bring up, in any discussion of himself, things that he should have forgotten long ago, that were part of his other life when he was "in the world." But this very silence about himself causes other people to consider him queer, and to build up legends about him. He was disappointed in love. His business failed. He lost faith in human nature. He was looking for Utopia. His brain took a sudden twist, and he became temporarily balmy.

But in truth your average Religious probably joined his Order for the same reason that I did. When I was of school age I was taught by monks. I found most of them kind and companionable. They were human and sensible.

\*730 5th Ave., New York City. May, 1933.

They had a great deal of pleasant small talk for the boys, and somehow they made piety attractive. So almost as far back as I can remember, I thought that I should like to be a Religious. But at this moment I really cannot explain why I was filled with that desire instead of wishing to be a doctor, or lawyer, or ordinary schoolteacher.

My environment contributed to my desire to become a monk. My parents were pious. I used to sing in the church choir. I was appointed to distribute the hymn books. In school I used to help out the teachers with their clerical work. Day in, day out I had more than usual contact with monks, and I really liked them. I developed a curiosity concerning their life, where they were prepared, how long it took, what they did to amuse themselves. One Sunday morning I asked the choirmaster all the questions I had on my mind, and he answered them willingly.

It was on the same night, while I was singing the Vesper psalms, that the golden idea came to me. The old choirmaster was intoning the psalm *Beatus Vir*. The lights of the vast church were dim. Miles and miles away, it seemed, the huge marble altar towered in a glory of candlelight. The heads of the faithful were bowed in reverence. The music from the organ had never seemed more soft and uplifting. And into my heart and soul came a sweetness greater than any I had ever experienced before. Over and over I kept saying to myself, "I'm going to be a monk! I'm going to be a monk!" After Vespers I met my sister

outside the church. I bought the biggest cocoon the fruit-store man had, and while we were eating it on the way home I told her all about my hopes.

While I was in my Order's preparatory school and knew that some day I would be a monk; I never seemed to question myself as to just how the life would appeal. I seldom thought about the future, and when I did, it was only with a desire that time would speed by, so that I could soon be wearing the habit of my Order. I was very happy. Every day held a new adventure for me. I did not find the studies difficult.

Things of the spirit did not enter so much into my life then. I remember how all my interests were centered in things of the earth, the glorious Virginia sunsets, the long swims in the cool Chesapeake, the fat persimmons which ripened after the first frost, the sweet music our old Dutch gardener used to lure from his ancient piano every evening, rowing, fishing, shooting, hiking, riding—these were my delights.

A young man who intends to become a member of a teaching Order, such as mine, goes through high school (if he has not already finished) and college, and does a bit of teaching before he takes his degree. During his college days his religious training begins and he is grounded in Scholastic philosophy, sufficient theology for his teaching needs, and psychology. After he finishes his studies, the Order tries him at teaching, and if he proves to be

worth his salt he is allowed to study further for his Master's degree, and even for a Doctor's degree in philosophy. If he shows adeptness at languages he may qualify to teach in one of our schools in Europe for two or three years and thus perfect his French or German conversation. Although he usually attends a Catholic college, his graduate work may be done at any university. Almost always our Order has men at the Johns Hopkins, and a few at Harvard, the M.I.T., and other schools near our centers.

Our religious training is very simple and practical. I was a bit nervous at first and somewhat bewildered, but not discontented. The great lesson was that of practical humility. In the morning I would probably study psychology or philosophy. But such higher studies might make me proud, so in the afternoon I had to go out into the field and load mangel-wurzels into a rickety wagon, and lug them to the barn. Each one had his manual labor to do.

In the course of time I was appointed Brother Horticultor, and placed in charge of a small hothouse and a flower garden. I liked most of my work very much, but I hated weeding. Yet I weeded feverishly every day, for I knew I must learn to do my disagreeable things. I was acquiring self-discipline. But I'm afraid I never learned to be a good gardener.

The novice master, it seemed, used to give us duties for which we were the least fitted. Once I was given charge of his pets, ten canaries. When I took over the birds they stopped sing-

ing. After a while it became worse: they began dying. Almost every week I buried a canary. The rest of the monks used to watch me solemnly as I started out the door with a trowel in one hand and a cold canary in the other. "Brother Cajetan is all right at other things, I suppose, but he can't seem to learn to take care of canaries," the master would remark quietly. I used to feel a bit stupid, and humbled. Finally, after all but three canaries had passed on, I lost my job. Then the remaining birds began to sing again.

The older men in our Order have always been sensible about the training of the young. Outsiders appear to believe that all Religious, young and old, are highly ascetic and practice unbelievable physical austerities, but any man who expects to spend his life in teaching and study cannot afford to brother-ass his body to the point of wrecking his health. The younger men receive warnings that mortification consists only in small things. Their superiors see that they eat well.

Laymen with whom I come into occasional contact ask me indirect and cautious questions as to whether I have been disillusioned in the Religious life. They seem to assume that I looked forward to it as a sort of earthly paradise, and that a terrible sting awaited me before I went very far. I can say with truth that I did not expect any sort of paradise but rather a hard, bumpy life. It is really more pleasant than I expected. I have never, of course, found myself wrapped, like Saint Paul, up to the third heaven. I

have never even approached the first. That very sweet, sentimental feeling of sanctity which young men are likely to experience wore off in my case after the first few weeks of training.

But I have found the life pleasant. Most of the things that I am expected to do I have found agreeable. Much of my time is spent, and will be spent, in study, and I have learned to cultivate the habit of study or, at least, the habit of mental occupation. My other duties depend greatly on the place where I am stationed. I have moved about sufficiently to know that with a little time I can accustom myself to whatever conditions I encounter.

There is no great material attraction in the monastery for me or for any of my brothers. I do not insinuate that the material comforts of my life are meager, far from that. But undoubtedly there is more material attraction in the world. Unquestionably, then, it is only a spiritual motive which can hold a man to the monastery.

I have already tried to explain what it was that drew me to the life. Now I shall tell you candidly what it is that holds me. I believe, as firmly as I believe my own existence, that God made man, not for this earth, but for heaven. And I believe that if man lives according to the laws which God has laid down, he will gain his eternal reward after death.

But my faith goes further than that. I believe that God has created institutions by means of which a man can insure, as it were, his eternal salvation. A Religious Order is such an institu-

tion. I believe that if I follow the rules of my Order, if I attempt to make spiritual progress every day, if I labor to save my own soul and to help save the souls of others, either of my faith or not of it, if I live a humble, simple, unhyprocritical, obedient life such as my Order prescribes for me—I believe that if I do all that I shall be more sure of eternal salvation after death.

The whole matter rests on faith, and if faith ever becomes obscured one must fight and pray to win it back again. The human nature that is in me sometimes will not allow me to see things as spiritually as I want to.

But that is the constant battle that I must wage against my own human inclinations. When I look at the matter coldly, tearing away the transient illusions that face every man in this world, I can see clearly the futility of striving after only earthly accomplishments. I have implicit faith that there is a greater life beyond death. If I did not believe that, and still continued to live as I am living now, I should not blame you for counting me a fool. But I have faith, and faith can take a man far.

Have I spoken of difficulties? Maybe they only seem to be difficulties. For instance, I must get up every morning at 5:30, and I don't like getting up as early as that. But I know that if I live to be 70 I shall still be getting up at 5:30, so long ago I decided that the wise thing for me to do was to develop a sort of resignation to it. I know that if I am to keep my health by getting eight hours' sleep, I must go to bed



early, that is, at about 9:30. And that is even worse than getting up early. I am prone to burn the midnight oil. But I know that the lamp will not last, so I submit.

Outsiders often wonder what the vow of poverty means. It does not mean penury. When I ask for a new hat, new suit of clothes or overcoat, pair of gloves, socks, a watch, or a fountain pen, I get it. But ordinarily I do not carry money with me, or if I do, it is not mine. I may not buy books without permission. I may not own a car. I may not say, "This is mine. So is that." Everything I use belongs to the Community in which I live, and everything the Community purchases is mine as well as my brother's.

Of course, we are sensible about such things. My brother does not wear my shirts and I do not borrow his. Once in a while he uses my brief case and occasionally I use his umbrella. We have our *own* things, naturally. But the theory is that we are poor men; we own nothing. I teach without a salary. I really need nothing. I have my books, desk, golf clubs, tennis racket, because these things are necessary for my work and recreation. But what I need I must ask for always. I have chosen the poor Man of Nazareth as my model.

People have peculiar ideas about obedience in the Religious life. They have read somewhere that long ago a superior ordered a monk to water a dry stick, and that the simple man did it obediently and saw his reward a year later in the beautiful flowers that blossomed forth. And they have read

that a superior once ordered another monk to draw water from a well which had been dry for years, and that the monk obeyed, and drew up a bucket of water.

I am not even asking you to consider those things. They may be true. All I want to assure you is that superiors are not like that now. I have been asked to do many disagreeable things, but never have I been asked to do anything unreasonable. When I took my vow of obedience I gave my will back to God in the person of any superior that my Order might place over me. I do not regret the sacrifice. Sometimes, of course, I want to take my will back. Sometimes I do not like to take orders. Because I consider that pride, I submit and offer up the disagreeable duty as a prayer that I may grow in the things of the spirit.

This vow of obedience is very reasonable. A subject is not a worm. He is merely a part of the machinery of his Order and he follows out the plans that those in charge have drawn up. Most of the obedience in the Religious life, I have discovered, follows the same course as obedience in business. And I am sure that I have had to swallow less of my self-assertion in the monastery than I would have had to swallow if I were engaged as one of many in a business house. I know several men personally who had to promise, or lose their jobs, that they would support a certain candidate in a city election. I call that servility.

As for me, I can talk quietly with my superior about the weakness of,

let's say, the school system, I am not afraid of losing anything. I can disagree with him on politics and say with a smile, "Well, I voted for Jones." When he wants to know what has been making me late so often, I can tell him that the clocks are slow and really need attention. My superior knows that I can always present the truth of the case before him, and I know that he will always be reasonable about the truth.

But he also knows this about me: that I have taken the vow of obedience willingly. I am subject, but not servile. I obey him because I see in him my divine Master. If, when I do not care for my superior's policy, he persists that his way is the correct way, I submit. It is then that I do things that are disagreeable. But I do them resignedly. I take such things as opportunities to grow spiritually, to subject my own will to that of Christ. The system is fair and even. Ten years from now my present superior may be one of my subjects. And he will submit his will, not to me, but to his Master.

Last year a young lady, the daughter of a Protestant clergyman, asked me a typical question, "Why is it that you Religious never marry? You have a splendid chance to perpetuate the best of Catholic tradition and culture through your children, and yet you do not take advantage of it." I asked her whether she had ever noticed any friction or coldness between her mother and the other members of her father's church. She thought she had. They did not work together as well as they

might for the common cause. A married man is hindered in his attempt to do spiritual work, either for himself or for others.

If people asked the frank question of me, it would be, "Are you human and normal and natural?" All three, my dear friends. Not long ago a cousin of mine said to me, "You used to get tangled up into all kinds of hell when you were a kid. You seem quieter now." Yes, but not less human. I respond to the emotions of nature just as you do and probably my impulses are not less vehement than yours.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones are my friends. A few years ago, when they felt that they could not get along without each other, they got married. Now they have each other, but I do not think that I am less happy than they. I do not wish to pass judgment on them. They are good people and I really like them. But they have passed judgment on me frequently. I suppose Jones has said, "Cajie' is a good chap, all right. But there is something wrong with him. There must be. His life isn't natural."

Jones would like to admire my life but something gets in his light. He can't make me out. I smoke a cigarette with him, drink a glass of beer with him, talk taxes with him, and once in a while dub through a round of golf with him. Then Jones goes home to his wife and I go home to my cell. That is what puzzles him. Because a few years ago he felt that he could not go through life without a mate he cannot understand why I do not feel the

same way about it. But he does not penetrate. I am all surface to Jones.

The truth is that he and I agree on everything, even on matters of sex and marriage. The only difference is that he is more concerned with the business of this life, and I am a trifle more concerned with the business of the next. I have not taken my views on the vow of chastity from a textbook, nor from my elders. I believe that this is one particular phase of the Religious life which each man must work out for himself. Although Jones does not realize that I have the same feelings, desires, inclinations, weaknesses that he has or that any human being has, I am aware of that fact myself. But I have my business to attend to and if I allow such things to get in my way, even for a moment, I am in danger of wrecking all my plans.

My task is to sublimate all my natural tendencies. I not only think it can be done, I have seen others do it. And with divine grace I have the chance to do the same thing.

I live a very simple life. I recite the Office with my 30 brothers, meditate for the greater part of an hour, assist at Mass, and receive Holy Communion.

We have breakfast at 8 o'clock. I never mortify myself at table, except when I attempt to eat griddle cakes or soft-boiled eggs, both of which I dislike thoroughly. Our breakfast is just about the same as a standard meal at Child's. According to my present schedule I do not commence teaching until 10 o'clock. I love the classroom.

My students and I get along well. In my literature classes I stress contemporaries. I try to be enthusiastic without tearing my hair.

I am finished with school at 3 o'clock. At that time I always debate with myself as to what I shall do for the next two hours. If I have important work to do, I sleep for an hour because then I can think more effectively in the evening. I seldom work or even read in the afternoon. Sometimes I take a two-hour walk with a couple of my students. I like the woods and the dirt roads, and the side streets of a small town.

In spring and fall I practice my mashie and niblick shots on the campus. In winter a few of us set up a net in the gym and practice our drives and brassie shots. Occasionally I go skiing, but I am not overupholstered and do not absorb the posterior shocks any too well. I haven't gone trapping for two years now, because all the animals, it seems, have left our woods. My days pass swiftly.

At about 5 P.M. I assemble with the Community for spiritual reading. This is perhaps from St. Francis de Sales, or St. Teresa, or a current religious periodical. We have our evening meal at 6. At table we talk small things, Congress, racketeering, G. B. Shaw, and the daily news. In the evening I study or read for three or four hours. I put on my slippers, light my pipe, and do my own thinking without disturbance.

Once in a while a half dozen students will crowd into my room, and

I lean back in my chair and play Scores for an hour or two. They help to keep me up to date. And they take all my roastings graciously. Sometimes I read to them, mostly from a current magazine. We discuss Stalin, finances. They give me their opinion of Paul Muni and Katherine Hepburn.

I drop off to sleep without any trouble. My daily life is not always the same. I love to go in to Boston when the Symphony program contains the 5th or the 9th of Beethoven. Now and then I accompany a few students to the Pops. I suppose that the theater and the concert should be my favorite recreations but circumstances compel me to fall back on reading. I have subscriptions to eight magazines, *Atlantic*, *New Republic*, *Saturday Review*, and so on, and I try to keep abreast with contemporary literature.

I think that the attitude of the average young man in any Order is similar to mine. The Orders themselves have various aims and divers rules; but they are all animated with the one great purpose: to spread the Word of Christ, and to help mankind spiritually and temporally. My own Order was established almost a century ago to instruct the North American Indians, but circumstances changed its purpose.

Civilization has benefited by existence of Orders. Monks practice regulation and control. I feel that without them there would be infinitely more chaos in human matters than there is at present. I feel that my life will be spent in a good cause, furthering of the work of Christ, striving after an ideal.

They tell me that I have been at the books a bit too much lately, that I need a rest. That means that I shall spend next summer at a place our Order purchased a few years ago. It is far out, somewhere in Maryland where nobody else lives. It is extensive enough, 400 acres. Horses are there, and excellent bridle paths. There is a golf course and a place for swimming. There are orchards with overlaid cherry trees. It is very quiet there. The birds sing all day long. The fences are weighted down with honeysuckle, and there is a rose garden.

I can forget work for a while. I can save all my shaves for Sunday morning and feel like a new quarter once a week. I can read some detective stories and go through *Alice in Wonderland* as leisurely as I have always wanted to. I shall be able to write a short sonnet sequence. And perhaps I may be able to insinuate myself into a quartet and join in the *Song to Celia*.

My life will be the same 40 years from now as it is today. I shall still be doing my daily tasks and thanking God for having given me the privilege of serving Him in a special manner. I look forward to a quiet existence and long days in which to sit back in a big chair, smoking nickel cigars and appraising the younger generation of the Order with a critical eye. I hope to be able to say that I have made some progress—a little in virtue; and I hope to have a good story or two for the young men. In my old age I hope to be able to close a pair of very tired eyes.

Damned in Detroit



## "Is This Tomorrow"

By EDWARD A. HARRIGAN

**A**BOUT a year ago the Catechetical Guild Educational Society, 147 E. 5th St., St. Paul, Minn., printed 3,000 black-and-white advance copies of *Is This Tomorrow*. These were sent to outstanding leaders of every race, creed, and walk of life, to get their reactions before final publication, to make sure that the book could not be interpreted as an attack upon *anything* but communism, and to obtain some reasonable estimate for the initial press run. Copies were sent to labor leaders, the Negro press, Jewish organizations, the American Legion, the N.C.W.C., etc.; none objected, most congratulated the publisher.

Now the story is going around that *Is This Tomorrow* has backfired, that the kids are reading it and interpreting it as pro-communistic. For instance, James T. Howard, writing in *PM* for April 25, 1948, stated, "A widely circulated 'comic book,' designed to portray the horrors of communist revolution in the U. S. A., is defeating its own ends. Throughout the country, parents are complaining that youngsters are absorbing blood-thirsty, irreligious communist doctrine from the pamphlet *Is This Tomorrow*, rather than the contempt for communism that was intended. Detroit

and Boston police, for instance, have undertaken official investigations on complaints that the 'comic book,' despite its moral, tends to create a generation of small-fry revolutionists."

The *PM* writer then proceeds to cite as supporting evidence for his statement that "throughout the country parents are complaining" the instance of one woman in Boston who approached police after her 12-year-old son had secured a copy of *Is This Tomorrow*.

Well, my kids weren't fooled. Neither were the gentle nuns in more than 1,000 Catholic parochial and high schools, who placed bulk orders totaling 40,000 copies a month each for the April, May and June issues of the school edition of the *CATHOLIC DIGEST*, which ran *Is This Tomorrow* serially, nor the youngsters who read it there, nor their parents and brothers and sisters and aunts and uncles who read it when they brought it home.

The *Daily Worker* wasn't fooled either. "The fact that the *Daily Worker*, official organ of the Communist Party in this country, is doing so much to prevent the spread of *Is This Tomorrow*," as Bishop Jules D. Jeanmard of Lafayette, La., said in a letter recommending to all his clergy its widest



possible distribution, "is proof enough that it is striking home and hurting their cause."

By Oct. 20, word of what Father Gales and his Catechetical Guild was up to got to the office of the *Daily Worker*. The people there took a dim view of his plans. They loaded their linotype slugs with double-barreled epithets, and let go.

There's no need of mentioning all the epithets here; you probably read them in *Newsweek* when that publication reported the first skirmish in the comic-book war on communism. Moscow's stooges in Gotham screamed to the U. S. attorney general, the treasury department, and the post office that *Is This Tomorrow* "incites violence and anti-Semitism." They said it was Wall street financed and that it was anti-communist.

Back in Guild headquarters, the originators and distributors of *Is This Tomorrow* felt pretty bad about the allegation of Wall St. financing. The book had cut pretty deeply into the Catechetical Guild's non-profit budget. If they only *could* have got the help of some of that Wall St. money.

But about the charge of the book's being anti-communist . . . they leaned back in their chairs, and murmured, "You are so, so right." For the book, which has as co-authors F. Robert Edman, vice president of the Guild, and Francis McGrade, its comic-book\* editor, is a 52-page, full-color exposé of how communists might seize control

\*Twice a month the Guild publishes TOPIX (top pictures), as an antidote to harmful comics.

of the U. S. It was written not for scholars, but rather to arouse the casual reader to the menace of communism. Inch-high type says that its purpose is "to make you *think*." Its details were all taken from communist case histories in other countries, and exemplify murder, mass starvation, treachery, which are all part and parcel of communist strategy.

Some well-intentioned criticism has come from Catholic quarters against the book's negative tone. The publisher answers by saying, "This is merely the first in a series of similar books; our first book was intended only to establish the evils of communism beyond question of doubt. In this respect the authors of the book followed the technique of Pope Leo XIII, who devoted one-fourth of his encyclical *On the Condition of the Working Classes (Rerum Novarum)* to exposing the evils of Socialism. In 52 pages we could not establish the positive remedies based on the papal encyclicals; however, this will be done in succeeding books of the series." It is fictional only in its characters and in its transplantation of those actual happenings to America. Federal authorities found no cause to heed the *Daily Worker's* charges, and turned deaf ears to the comrades' demands for an American Ribbentrop-Molotov pact against *Is This Tomorrow*. The Guild published its book on schedule. Then came some *real* backfiring—the louder the *Daily Worker* yelled, the wider attention the situation received in the nation's press, Catholic and secular, and the faster its

sales mounted. To date, around 2,500,000 copies have been sold, or half the original quantity contracted for with the printer. Currently, 300,000 a month are being printed, barely enough to supply the demand.

The communists attempted more direct methods—and aroused fresh interest and again boosted sales. They sent squads around to newsstands to intimidate dealers. Newsstand men tell Mr. Edman that the delegations are easily recognized as communists. They follow the usual technique of calling upon a dealer and telling him that he is handling “fascist propaganda.” Usually the dealers complied with the “suggestions” received and removed the books from their stands; but where they showed signs of obstinacy, the communists dropped thinly veiled threats of violence. Further confirmation of communist activities came in the form of a letter in the *Daily Worker* of Jan. 28, 1948, wherein a reader boasts of his club’s successful intimidation work, and calls upon other communist cells to follow its example.

International Circulation Co., which distributes *Is This Tomorrow*, reported that during one week of communist visitations 9,000 copies of the booklet were returned by dealers in the New York area. Similar tactics had similar results on the West Coast. The Guild announced that the rejected copies were placed on other stands, and were sold, together with many more.

Communist tactics call for creating confusion, and then compounding it.

In the case of the Catholic Church, which they recognize as their greatest enemy today, their strategy includes division of priests and people—this is why their activities are so pronounced in such Catholic countries as Spain, Italy, Mexico.

In one New York City parish thousands of copies of *Is This Tomorrow* had been sold. The Reds thought it was time something was done there. They began calling upon parishioners, attempting to persuade them that *Is This Tomorrow* is a vicious attack upon the serenity of children, is anti-labor, and anti-Semitic, and that Father Gales is the same thing. Neither the comic book nor Father Gales is any of this: I have known him to give his cassock to a temporarily distressed Jewish cantor, and his new overcoat to a down-and-out working man, and he has spent a lifetime publicizing the papal social encyclicals. He conducts a weekly religious radio program for children.

But the communists seem to have had some success in the New York parish in which Father Gales was slandered; in fact, the pastor reports that people, always anonymously, of course, threatened to “quit the Church” if he did not stop selling *Is This Tomorrow*. The book is still on sale there.

Because the comic book is designed as a warning to all Americans, of every race and creed, the Guild has had considerable success with its distribution among Protestants; one minister in Akron, Ohio, purchased 10,000 copies.

Out on the West Coast, not only have news dealers been intimidated, but even still more direct methods have been used to hinder distribution. One night, 500 copies were stolen from the vestibule of a church in San Francisco.

Latest development of what looks to Mr. Edman as an over-all struggle to terminate distribution of *Is This Tomorrow* is its banning from the newsstands of Detroit. The Catechetical Guild was informed of the action in a letter from Police Commissioner Harry S. Toy, who stated it was removed from stands along with 35 other comic magazines. He gave as reason that the "pictures therein are devoted, in the main, to scenes of violence and crime," and that the censors believed this a violation of Michigan state law.

A strongly worded protest over the banning was made by Lisle J. Alexander, American Legion adjutant for the state of Michigan. Mr. Alexander, in a letter to Mr. Toy, revealed that *Is This Tomorrow* is "one of the important pieces of literature" that has been used by both the Michigan state department of the Legion and the national American Legion Americanism Committee, and pointed out to Mr. Toy that "it brings out very clearly what has happened in other countries and what can happen here, and it usually takes something with quite an effective blow to awaken the normal American to the possible dangers."

The Guild, too, explained that *Is This Tomorrow* is a truthful presentation of communist methods.

"There are scenes of violence and crime in the book, but these scenes are a necessary part of describing the communist-terrorist method. The facts could not be brought home any other way."

In spite of these and other protests, the ban, at this writing, stays on in the city where Walter Reuther, arch-enemy of communism, was shot in his own home. In a letter to the Guild, Police Commissioner Toy said that the police department "is doing all in its power to meet the communist menace in our midst." Yet, his police censors, however inadvertently, are abetting that menace by acceding exactly to the demand of the communist *Daily Worker*. They have banned *Is This Tomorrow*, the instrument that has pierced deeper than any other the armor of quivering communism in the U. S.

The banning in Detroit and the demand for a ban in Boston came almost simultaneously. In Detroit, *Is This Tomorrow*, together with the other comic books, was under examination April 15, and was banned April 29. It was April 20 that the Boston *Post* reported that "the misunderstanding of a well-intentioned mother who believed that her 12-year-old son had purchased a piece of communistic-inspired literature resulted in a police probe yesterday and finally drew an opinion from Captain Louis Di Sessa of the Warren Ave. station that the booklet in question is in reality strongly anti-communistic."

When Father Paul Bussard, editor

of the CATHOLIC DIGEST, decided to run *Is This Tomorrow* in the July, August, and September issues, he asked me to write a play-by-play narration of what has been happening to it since its publication. This is it.

Father Bussard had final warning that *Is This Tomorrow* was banned in Detroit, that by running it he'd be sticking his neck out, too. That made him a little mad. "It's already out," he snapped. And I suppose it is. For all these years, hasn't he been publishing articles on *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno* and *On Atheistic Communism*; articles exposing communistic philosophy, tactics, horrors; articles by Archbishops Cushing and Lucey, Bishops Shiel and Haas, by sociologists and labor leaders, calling for a better deal for workingmen, invoking their right to organize, negotiate, even to strike, peacefully, for better working conditions and living wages, even unto guaranteed annual wages, and sharing in profits and management? Hasn't he printed articles advocating all these things—because of the inherent dignity of men as sons of God, warning workers at the same time not to be misled by communists who flock to their cause to gain their good will and then control them for their own ends? Hadn't Father Bussard, indeed, even interviewed Generalissimo Franco? His neck is out, all right.

"*Is This Tomorrow* banned because 'the pictures are devoted to scenes of violence and crime,'" he exclaimed. "Indeed! Archbishop Stepinac behind

bars doesn't make a pretty picture either. Neither did Masaryk, broken and bleeding after his death plunge. Neither did Bishop Romzha of the Carpatho-Ukraine, and his companions, run down and crushed by a Soviet army tank in peacetime, and then shot in the head. Neither did the 1,400 Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, driven from their convents, insulted, assaulted, last seen in rags on their way to the Stalino mines. 'Scenes of violence and crime . . . !'"

Father Bussard went on: "*Is This Tomorrow* tells the story of how the communists could take over our country, destroy democracy (while they praise it), and set up a dictator over these United States.

"People say it could never happen here. But that is what the people of Yugoslavia said, and the people of Czechoslovakia, and the people of Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria, too. But it did.

"If we are going to prevent it we must, first, *know about* communism. We must understand its diabolic technique, its stratagem of the enormous lie endlessly repeated, its eagerness to 'liquidate' anyone who stands in its way."

So see that you get all three issues of the CATHOLIC DIGEST containing *Is This Tomorrow*. Get as many other people as you can to read your copy and to get copies for themselves and still others to read. You will then be actively engaged in making it known why it must not happen here.

Here is the first installment.

# IS THIS TOMORROW

Script by  
F. Robert Edman and  
Francis McGrade



SPRING CAME EARLY THAT YEAR BUT  
IT WAS HOT AND DRY.

HOTTEST WEATHER I'VE  
SEEN IN  
YEARS.

NO RAINS  
ALL SPRING.  
IT'LL BE A  
BAD YEAR.



THE AGRICULTURE DEPARTMENT SAYS WE MAY  
GET THE GREATEST DROUGHT IN THE NATION'S  
HISTORY.







COMMUNIST LEADERS MET IN NEW YORK.



ES  
ION  
WEST  
HIT



"AS YOU KNOW, A FEW OF OUR BOYS START A 'FRONT' TO OPPOSE FASCISM OR INTOLERANCE OR SOMETHING ELSE THAT IS UNPOPULAR. THEY GET A FEW BIG NAMES TO BACK THEM...."



NATURALLY WE PLUG THE PARTY LINE FROM START TO FINISH, AND THE PEOPLE NEVER LOOK BEHIND THE "FRONT." PRETTY SOON THEY'RE SUPPORTING US.



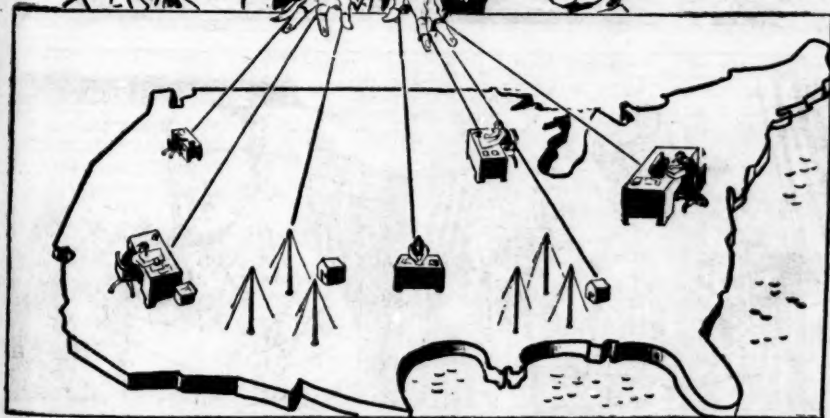
THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES FELL FOR OUR LINE SO HARD THAT HE IS READY FOR ANYTHING NOW.

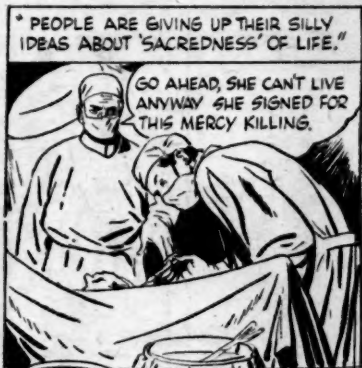
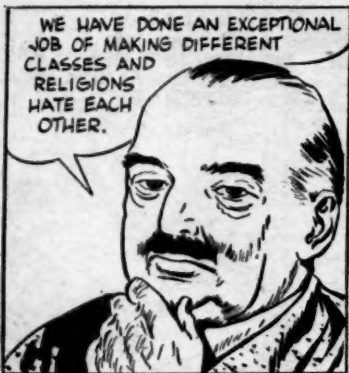


BUT GETTING PEOPLE TO THINK OUR WAY WOULD HAVE BEEN IMPOSSIBLE WITHOUT PRESS AND RADIO.



WE'VE BEEN TRAINING WRITERS AND EDITORS FOR YEARS TO FOLLOW THE PARTY LINE. THEY WILL BE READY TO TAKE COMPLETE CONTROL OF RADIO AND PUBLISHING ONCE WE GET IN.



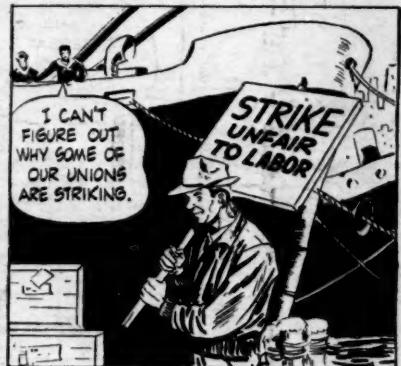
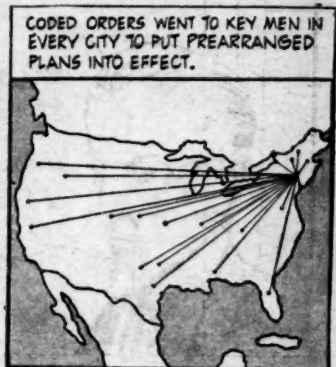


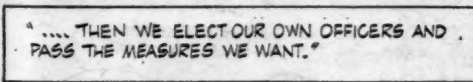




"WE'VE TAKEN PART IN ENOUGH STRIKES TO KNOW THAT OUR STRATEGICALLY PLACED LEADERS CAN PARALYZE CERTAIN INDUSTRIES ANYTIME YOU GIVE THE WORD"







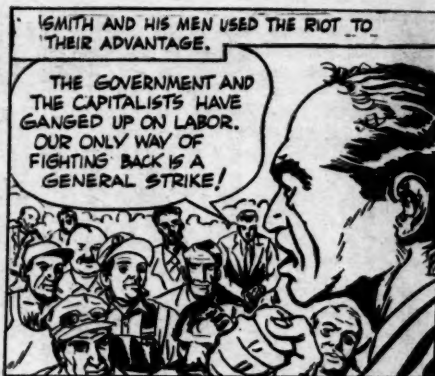




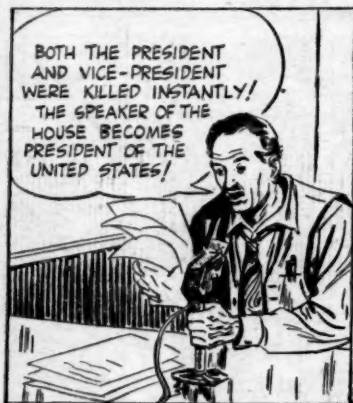




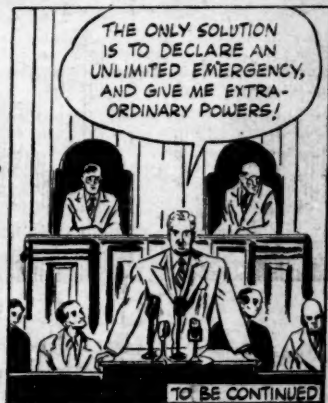








A CONFUSED  
CONGRESS  
READILY ACCEPTED  
CLINES OFFER  
TO SOLVE  
THE NATION'S  
PROBLEMS.





## Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us. If you wish to order direct from publisher, addresses given are adequate.]

THE CENTRAL NORTHWEST (*Look at America*) by the Editors of *Look*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin. 393 pp., illus. \$5. Beautiful picture guidebook of the area stretching between Idaho and the Dakotas on the North, and Nevada to Kansas on the South. Just enough text to provide continuity for the photographs.

Chavez, Fray Angelico. THE SINGLE ROSE: *Poems of Divine Love*. Santa Fe, N. M.: Los Santos Bookshop. 65 pp., paper. \$1.25. Spontaneous lyric note carries through the 19 poems. The soul's desire to possess the Rose (God) once momentarily glimpsed. By a New Mexican friar, author of *Eleven Lady-Lyrics*.

Commager, Henry Steele, editor. AMERICA IN PERSPECTIVE; *the United States Through Foreign Eyes*. New York: Random House. 389 pp. \$4. Thirty-five writers discuss American character, customs and government during a century and a half of visits and observation. Energy and good will, with a lack of sophistication, are traits noted recurrently.

Hoehn, Matthew, O.S.B. CATHOLIC AUTHORS; *Contemporary Biographical Sketches, 1930-1947*. Newark: St. Mary's Abbey. 812 pp., portraits. \$10. Well-written, informed accounts of 620 writers whose work has helped restore a Catholic literature in English. For every library and editorial office.

Maynard, Theodore. RICHEST OF THE POOR: *the Life of Saint Francis of Assisi*. Garden City: Doubleday. 255 pp. \$3. Maynard's fine narrative style takes the 13th century and the great Francis for its theme. A book that everyone should like. A good piece of printing and book design.

THE NEW TESTAMENT, in the Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures (*Small Edition*), by Cuthbert Lattey, S.J. London: Sands; [Westminster, Md.: Newman Bookshop]. 479 pp. \$2.50. One-volume edition of an excellent 20th-century Catholic translation. The cramped type, uncomfortable for continuous reading, is its only drawback.

Parsons, Wilfrid, S.J. THE FIRST FREEDOM; *Considerations on Church and State in the United States*. New York: McMullen. 178 pp. \$2.25. New, unhistorical conception of the First Amendment exempts the State from duties toward God and allows courts to define the nature of religious teaching. Basis of discriminatory attitude toward citizens professing religion, as in school-bus and McCollum controversies.

Rickert, Edith, compiler. CHAUCER'S WORLD. New York: Columbia University Press. 456 pp., illus. \$6.75. Sampler of 14th-century English life. Chronicles, letters, public records, and old poems of the time show how the people spent their time at home, at school, in church, at business, on the road, in war and in sports. Entertaining and well illustrated.

Stewart, George R. FIRE; *a Novel*. New York: Random House. 336 pp. \$3. Drama in the ten-day life of a forest fire growing from a spark among fallen pine needles to a storm of flame mowing miles of timber land. Tense close-ups of a fire-fighting army in action.

TRADITIO; *Studies in Ancient and Medieval History, Thought and Religion*. Vol. 5, 1947. New York: 229 East 49th St. 411 pp., illus. \$6.50 per year. Annual collection of research essays, notes and reviews on the Church and the world of an earlier time. Competently edited. For the historian and the college library.

## *The Digest in a Truth-hungry World*

FREEDOM of the press is dearly bought and preserved, and is deeply appreciated by those who have once lost it. The publishers of the German edition of the CATHOLIC DIGEST cannot print half enough copies to satisfy the craving of the German people. After ten years of nazi thought control, Germans are eagerly devouring every issue of the *Katholischer Digest*, whether they can get their own copies or not. Here, the publishers tell, is how they do it.

"In many places the *Katholischer Digest* is placed in book covers to protect it from damage as it is passed from person to person.

"In the Russian zone, small, inconspicuous groups assemble in the evening to hear the *Digest* read aloud. The method is particularly splendid, since it affords an opportunity to discuss articles, and at the same time brings friends of freedom together.

"Finally, a lady in Bonn, who gets her own copy every month and later passes it on, writes, 'Every day I read one article slowly and carefully. The *Katholischer Digest* is most interesting and stimulating, and a tremendous influence for good.'

Fortunately, in America friends of freedom need not wait their turn to read the CATHOLIC DIGEST. Freedom of the press and adequate paper supplies guarantee them easy access to the magazine of their choice.

